

THE AMERICAN
LEGION
MAGAZINE

15¢

NOVEMBER 1948



TALK ABOUT TROUBLES!

BY DR. DANIEL A. POLING

WILDERNESS FURY

BY JIM KJELGAARD

HAWES



"I was curious..."



I tasted it...



Now I know why Schlitz is...

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous!"





"To Make Your Service Better Still"

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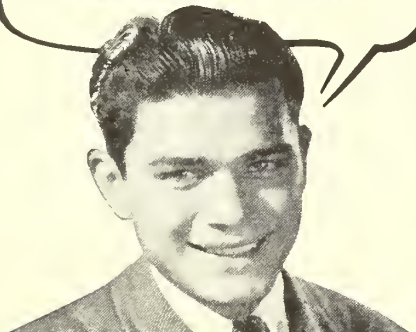


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Vol. 45
No. 5 THE AMERICAN

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LEGION MAGAZINE



November 1948

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The exasperating situation on the front cover is too obvious to need explaining. More interesting here is the fact that the artist, Charles "Bud" Hawes, is such an outdoor fan that he started off in life to make a living out of hunting, fishing, and trapping in his native West Virginia and 14 other States, but was driven into commercial art when the outdoors failed to support him. He chose a field riskier than trapping but made out OK. In our cover he has, in a way, earned a few shekels out of hunting—as a subject for art.

PICTURE CREDITS: INS, GEORGE WOODRUFF 14-15; CAREW CALDWELL 18-19-20-21.

You Can Trade Your Stripes for Bars

in the NEW National Guard



**Here's how
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Fellowship ★ Training
Sports ★ Leadership**

Write or visit
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NATIONAL GUARD

of the United States

IF you were a non-commissioned officer in the first three grades during World War II,



IF you are under 32 and can meet the physical and mental standards required of Regular Army and Air Force officers,



**Then you may be commissioned:
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That commission means:

- ★ You will be a leader in a tactical outfit that is part of the Nation's M-Day Force—our first line of defense.
- ★ You will receive one-sixth of the annual base pay of a second lieutenant in the Regular Army or Air Force—(\$378) plus longevity, plus allowances during the 15 days of summer field training.
- ★ You will receive full longevity credit for your National Guard service.
- ★ You will train with the same new equipment which is issued to the Regular Army and Air Force.

TRADE YOUR STRIPES FOR BARS

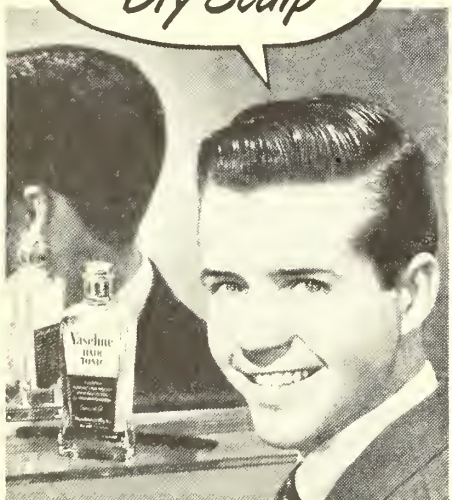
See your local National Guard Commander today, or write the Adjutant General of your State at the State Capitol.

oh-oh,
Dry Scalp!



"...IMAGINE ME dancing with a scarecrow! Hope somebody cuts in. How can a man be so careless about his hair? It's straggly, unkempt, and . . . oh-oh—loose dandruff! He's got Dry Scalp, all right. I'd better tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic..."

Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check
Dry Scalp



HE TOOK HER TIP, and look at his hair now! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic can do as much for you. Just a few drops a day, and you'll see an amazing improvement in the good looks of your hair. Checks loose dandruff, too. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Just the thing also with massage before shampooing. It gives double care . . . to both scalp and hair . . . and it's more economical, too.

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TRADE MARK®

HAIR TONIC

Look for the new green and
white package—out now!

Previews OF PRODUCTS INVENTIONS IDEAS



A sampling of products which
are in process of development
or are coming on the market.

FIRE-RESISTANT WINDOW SHADES. New window shades that are fire-resistant, washable, sunproof and scrubable are now being placed on the market by the Stewart Hartshorn Company, 250 Fifth Avenue, New York City. The shade cloth is coated with Vinylite resins, and photographs submitted by the company show that it burns with only a smudge while conventional shades blaze rapidly.

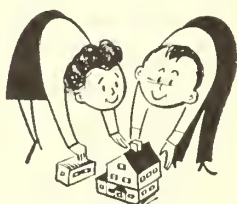


HOME HAIR DRYER. The ladies will be particularly interested in a new kind of hair dryer being placed on the market by the 30 Minute Hairdryer Co., of 1919 Bigelow Ave., Seattle, Wash. Resembling the conventional hair dryer, with a heating element and fan, it keeps an even temperature because of a thermostatic control; it has a hood which fits over the head to keep the warm air from being dissipated, and it can be held in the hand or supported by means of an attachment. With it hair can be dried in from 10 to 30 minutes. Made of light plastic the unit weighs about three pounds and it sells for \$12.95 complete. The hood incidentally, is small in size—contrary to our artist's balloon-like conception.

ANTI-FOGGING CLOTH. The hazardous fogging of automobile windshields can be prevented by a new chemically-treated cloth being made by Clearsite Laboratories, Inc., 916 Forbes Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Easily applied by wiping on the surface where condensation occurs, the cloth provides clear vision for motorists in cold weather or in hot, rainy weather. According to the manufacturer the cloth, which sells for 49¢, will last a year or more.



TELEVISION GETS BIGGER. Life-size television pictures for clubs, hotels, churches, schools, etc., are now available through RCA-Victor. Employing a reflective optical projection system, the apparatus will project pictures from 3 by 4 feet to approximately 7 by 9 feet. It can also be used for rear projection on a translucent screen. A simple focusing system permits adjustment for different screen sizes, and the unit is said to be as easy to operate as the conventional home television set.



BUILD YOUR HOME BEFORE YOU BUY IT. Now you can build an exact scale model of your future home, which will not only show just how it will look but will also give you an exact idea of its interior layout. You can do this with a set of house components scaled a quarter-inch to the foot which permit you to plan and construct thousands of different house designs. Called Plan-O-Blocks, the set consists of interchangeable blocks of different shapes and designs plus doors, windows, roofs, etc. Designed by a group of architects and construction men, Plan-O-Blocks are said to build miniature houses which can be used as exact patterns for full-scale dwellings, and from which builders can estimate costs. Selling for \$19.95, sets can be obtained from Plan-O-Blocks, Inc., 306 Capitol Building, Binghamton, N. Y. A simpler kit called Plan-O-Blocks, Jr., for the building of doll-houses, sells for \$5.00.

MAKE YOUR OWN PLASTICS. An educational-recreational toy which permits youngsters to preserve objects in plastic, and which hobbyists can use to make plastic toys, is the Kelon Liquid Plastic Kit being offered by Pittsburgh Fabric Products Company, 4756 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. The kit consists of 16 items—bottles of liquid plastic, setting agent, dyes, artificial flowers for embedding, molds, etc. The liquid plastic is poured into a beaker, a few drops of catalyst are added and the mixture is poured into a mold. It is hardened and cured by using an ordinary double boiler. Available at department stores and toy shops, the kit comes in two sizes, at \$3.95 and \$2.29.

WHAT IS A SCOOTERPOOPER? A Scooterpooper is something new to help you catch fish. The invention of Legionnaire Alex Woodle, it is based on his theory that fish can hear, or at least react to the right kind of vibration. The Scooterpooper is a lure which is designed to make a sound under water. It has spinners which rotate as the line moves through the water, and these set up a vibration which is amplified by a hollow metal sound box mounted on the gadget. The fish hears the commotion, rushes to it, and wham! you have him hooked. That, at least, is the idea. The lure is offered by Scooterpoopers, Inc., P. O. Box 754, Columbia, S. C., and sells for \$1.50.



radio reception. In addition to turning off radios, the device also cuts off other electrical appliances which might interfere with your phone calls. Made by the Kenworth Manufacturing Company, 3461 N. Holton Street, Milwaukee, Wis., it sells for \$6.95.

GOT BUGS? Described by the manufacturer as "the atomic bomb in the battle of the bugs," is a product called Bugblotters being offered by Martin Products Company, 4906 Canal Street, Houston, Texas. Made of moss green blotting paper, Bugblotters contain insecticides in dry form and can be tacked or taped wherever household insect pests run. Effectiveness of the Bugblotters is indicated by reports submitted from testing laboratories which stated that Bugblotters had given 100 percent kills of roaches in 24 hours. A package of 20 retails for \$1, with an economy size of 48 for \$2.

TO TOUGHEN UP JUNIOR. Marty Gilman, famed designer of football practice equipment for leading grid teams, has worked out something for the small fry in a Vinylite toy called Comeback, Jr. Weighing less than ten pounds, the toy is inflated and stands about thirty inches high. Weighted at the bottom, it can be used as a "sparring partner," a tackling dummy or a water toy. Comeback, Jr., can be obtained from Marty Gilman, Inc., Gilman, Conn., or at department, sporting goods and toy stores. Retail price is \$18.



STICK 'EM UP. An ingenious way of hanging pictures without hammering nails in walls has been worked out by the No-Nail Hanger Company, 1740 Schust Road, Saginaw, Mich. The hook supporting the picture is sealed into a piece of fabric with an adhesive back, and all you have to do is moisten the adhesive and stick it to the wall. The manufacturer suggests that it dry for a half-hour after which it will support up to ten pounds. Price of a package of six No-Nail Hangers is 35¢.



INTERESTED IN INCOME TAX? An ingenious device which quickly tells you approximately how much income tax you'll have to pay has been worked out by E. F. Laurin, 104 E. Northwest Highway, Arlington Heights, Ill. Operated like a slide rule, his Income Tax Finder will be of particular interest to accountants to prove the computation of the tax on income tax returns. The price of the Income Tax Finder ranges from \$2.00 in lots of one or two, to \$1.40 for fifty or more.

FOR EARLY CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS. An ingenious toy for children is the Chad Valley Remote Control Car, made in England and being offered here by Baird-Whitmer, 431 Alameda Road, Kansas City, Mo. It is a realistic little sedan, spring-wound, which operates by remote control. By pressing a plunger, which is attached to the car by a flexible tube, the car can be steered in any direction. The strong spring motor runs the car a full minute. The toy will be available in some of the larger stores or from Baird-Whitmer for \$7.95.

TO EXERCISE PARALYZED MUSCLES. The General Electric Company has announced a new device which can stimulate paralyzed muscles with electric current and thus prevent them from wasting away through disuse. Known as a variable frequency wave generator the instrument alternately contracts and relaxes paralyzed muscles 24 times a minute, thus giving the muscles the benefit of prolonged exercise without effort on the part of the patient. Treatment is easily tolerated even by young children.

When writing to manufacturers concerning items mentioned here kindly mention that you read about them in The American Legion Magazine.



DOUBLE ACTION

PENNZOIL

MOTOR OIL

**FLOWS FAST
STAYS TOUGH!**

Change to genuine
Pennzoil for winter.
Sound your "Z" at this
sign of better dealers
from coast to coast.



*Registered Trade Mark. Member Penn Grade Crude Oil Ass'n. Permit No. 2

**Tough-film PENNZOIL* gives all engines
an extra margin of safety**



From where I sit *by Joe Marsh*

One Great American Trait

I always think it does a newspaper editor good to get out from behind his desk and see how folks in other parts of America look, think, and act.

And that's what I've been doing these past weeks, touring the country from Michigan to Texas, California to Maine. It's a mighty encouraging experience. Not only because of the different points of view you run into—but because of the tolerance which reconciles those points of view.

I mean the tolerance of a Pennsylvania farmer for the habits of his city cousin; the tolerance of folks who vote one way towards those who vote another; the tolerance of those who prefer to drink only spring water towards those who enjoy a moderate beverage like beer.

From where I sit, it's that great American trait of tolerance—respect for individual tastes and liberties—that makes this country strong. Let's never lose it!

Joe Marsh



COMPENSATION INCREASES

Our September newsletter told of an increase in compensation granted to veterans who rate 60% or more disability. Since its appearance we have received a number of letters from veterans with lesser disability ratings wanting to know why they were cut out of the increase.

There is no answer to this question, for it wasn't a matter of hurting anybody it was a matter of helping those most in need of help in the face of the rising cost of living. Even so, the Legion tried to get Congress to approve a blanket increase for all disabled veterans. Congress did not accept this idea. Instead Congress approved a cost-of-living increase for veterans whose disabilities are so great they are compelled to rely on compensation for most of their income. The line which had to be drawn was made at 60%. Wherever it was drawn there would be some who would just miss out.

The Legion will try again for a broader increase during this Congressional session, may find Congress just as tough so long as veterans benefits stand as the second highest item in the Federal budget.

SUPERBOYS

A letter from C. F. Faulkner, Athletic Director of W. B. Williamson Post, Lake Charles, Louisiana, describes a Legion Junior Baseball team which Wheaties ought to sponsor, if Wheaties can wrestle the team away from its present patron, Ed Taussig, Inc., Ford dealer of Lake Charles.

Most of the boys on Williamson Post's Junior Baseball team never played an organized game of ball until this year, but the team batted .509, the pitchers won 26 and lost four. One boy had a batting average of .735. "He is fifteen years old and is major league material," says Faulkner, "throws, hits and runs with the best of them."

The star pitcher, Leo Wayne Tyson, struck out 17 in the first game he ever pitched. He won 25 and lost 3 games in 1948, pitched two no-hit, no-run games, three one-hitters, seven shutouts. He struck out 28 batters in a nine-inning game, 22 in a seven-inning contest. All told, in 201 innings he struck out 316 batters, allowed 56 hits, walked only 17. "He has a blazing fast ball and a fast-breaking curve, but I only let him throw six curves per game...."

THE VETERAN AND THE VA

The article on page 18, *Can You Deal With The VA?* serves as a warning to veterans. No effort was made to show all the fine things being done by the VA because that is beside the point. However,

the article is not a poke at VA employees. It deals with a system, not individuals, and there is no intent to discount the very fine and effective service rendered by thousands of Legionnaires and others who work for the Veterans Administration. They also serve, and without them conditions would be worse. Though the Legion is one of the VA's foremost critics, it is a matter of record that of all government bureaus we have found the VA understands veterans' problems best. Nevertheless all veterans, whether they have claims with the VA or not, should be familiar with the contents of this article. They should also make it a hobby to know all they can about veterans' rights.

TROUBLES

When the Reverend Daniel Poling talks about troubles in *Talk About Troubles*, page 14, he is not to be confused with those who give advice and counsel who have never known heartache themselves. One of the famous "four chaplains" now commemorated on a postage stamp was Dr. Poling's son. When the Dorchester went to the bottom of the ocean in 1943 the four chaplains gave their lifebelts to others and sank with the ship, arms around each other, praying. One was a Catholic, one a Jew, Clark V. Poling and the fourth were Protestants.

Dr. Daniel Poling has been president of the World's Christian Endeavor Union since 1927. The Christian Herald, of which he is editor, has in the last fifty years raised and disbursed 20 million dollars in disaster relief. It runs the famous Bowery Mission and a farm home for youngsters near Nyack, N. Y. Poling is one of the best known clergymen in this country, and is senior minister of the Baptist Temple in Philadelphia.

Seven generations of Polings have produced thirteen preachers.

MAD ELK

Jim Kjelgaard doesn't want anyone to start arguing whether a mad elk will at-



tack a man or a bear. The elk in our opening story, *Wilderness Fury*, does both those things, and author Kjelgaard, one of America's most prolific writers of fiction about animals, based the story on a wide knowledge of the wilds and a real incident in which a mad bull elk (Wapiti, American Elk, American Stag, *Cervus Canadensis*) actually attacked a man on horseback.

Kjelgaard lives in Milwaukee, will be 38 in December, and though no savage deer has ever attacked him he says his wife is a dear who can get plenty mad. He has hunted and fished all over the country, and was a professional trapper for five years.

R. B. P.

This Year Get Power Plus Pattern with **REMINGTON EXPRESS***



No matter what the shot, you'll get power, speed and knockout punch when you shoot Remington Express shot shells. You'll also get perfect patterns shot after shot because of the new Remington Flat-Top Crimp!

POWER

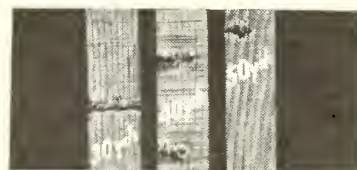


More than enough smashing power to knock down a set of bowling pins at duck-shooting range.

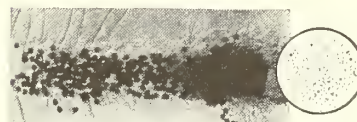
PATTERN



Spark photo shows how shot charge of old-style shell is obstructed (arrow). Result, a "blown" pattern (circle). Note holes and thin spots in pattern.



Proof of penetration! Tests made with No. 4 shot using 7/8-inch pine planks. Note deep penetration!



Spark photo shows unobstructed flight of shot charge produced by the new Remington Flat-Top Crimp. The result . . . a perfect pattern (circle).

Remington **DU PONT**

"If It's Remington—It's Right!"

*Express is Reg. U. S. Pat. Off., by Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport 2, Conn

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Paratroopers . . . ex-paratroopers . . . sportsmen!!! Here are your boots. For duty, for dress, or for hunting, fishing, hiking and all kinds of outdoor use. The famous soft, comfortable and very rugged boots worn only by paratroopers during the war are now available in two styles . . . one military, the other, civilian . . . both similar in construction, design and high quality standards.

Paratroop Jump Boots

The same boots worn by Paratroopers during war. Comes in tan elk finish. Not government surplus stock.



\$11.87
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Postage

PRICE SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE
All sizes 4—13½;
widths from
AA—EEE.

Paratroop Hunting Boots

Same features as Paratroop Jump boots, only made in heavy-oiled waterproof elk finish.

Send coupon below, enclosing check or money order for \$11.87. Pay postage on receiving boots. Specify size and widths and type wanted. Money back if not satisfied on receiving them.

CORCORAN INC., STOUGHTON, MASS.

Send pair of Paratroop Jump Boots.....
Hunting Boots.....
Enclosed find check..... or money order.....
for \$11.87. I will pay postage C.O.D.

Name.....

Address.....

Size and width wanted.....

AL11



SOUND OFF!



Writers must give name and address. Name withheld if requested. So many letters are being received it is not possible to promise answers. Keep your letter short. Address: Sound Off, The American Legion Magazine, One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

WANTED: ONE TATTERED FLAG

Can your Department help locate the tattered remnants of the flag that went from France to China, wrapped around the coffin of Sam Soo Hoo, a Chinese-American who was killed in World War I? An article about it, under the title "World-Encircling Helpfulness," appeared in the *American Legion Weekly*, December 14, 1923. In March of that year, members of Canton Post #3 had visited his grave, in interior China, and assisted his widow to prepare her application blanks for compensation from Uncle Sam. (She later received about \$1700 Gold, possibly more.) On the same trip we presented her with a Legion grave-marker and a new flag to replace the fantastically ragged and faded one that had come from France with his body. For those untutored natives had reverently hung the Stars and Stripes from a bamboo pole, beside his grave, and it had been "flying bravely there, through blistering sunlight and raging typhoon, for a year before any American saw it and understood its significance."

We had hoped that some day the remains of that flag could be on exhibit at the Indianapolis Headquarters. But a combination of civil war and anti-foreign strike disrupted our Post in 1925, and I have no idea what became of the historic souvenir. Our Vice Commander, whose name was Balm, had it at one time, but I can't remember his first name, or where he came from in the States. Does anybody know a Legionnaire of that name who was in China in 1923?

Alfred H. Holt
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

▼ Mr. Holt as Commander of Canton Post led the delegation of Legionnaires who visited the grave of Sam Soo Hoo and helped his widow in her dealings with Uncle Sam.

Editors

YOU CAN ASK

In Commander O'Neil's article "We

Spread Ourselves Too Thin" in the September issue, I noted with interest the voting records on preparedness measures prior to Pearl Harbor of the personnel on the Rules Committee.

This brought to mind something that has been on my mind for a long time. From time to time our local newspapers print articles concerning the voting by Oklahoma Congressmen on certain measures but not on all questions by a long ways.

I think that every citizen should be informed as to how his congressmen vote on every issue and would like to know if any such information is available and how it can be obtained.

It would be extremely helpful to every voter to know just how his candidates have voted in the past and when they were conveniently absent during voting on controversial issues that might hurt their political prestige.

Robert W. Houghton
Bartlesville, Okla.

▼ In our November, 1946 issue under the title *Get What You Vote For*, Kent Cooper, Executive Director of The Associated Press, advocated installation in Congress of a pushbutton system under which the vote of each member might be recorded electrically on all measures. In the meantime, Mr. Cooper reminded us, we can all ask our Congressmen and Senators for specific information on their voting.

Editors

IT WAS THE FIRST

Your August cover is definitely a portrayal of a 1st Division reunion. If that isn't a Red One on Jr.'s khaki overseas cap, I'll eat my E.T.O. ribbon.

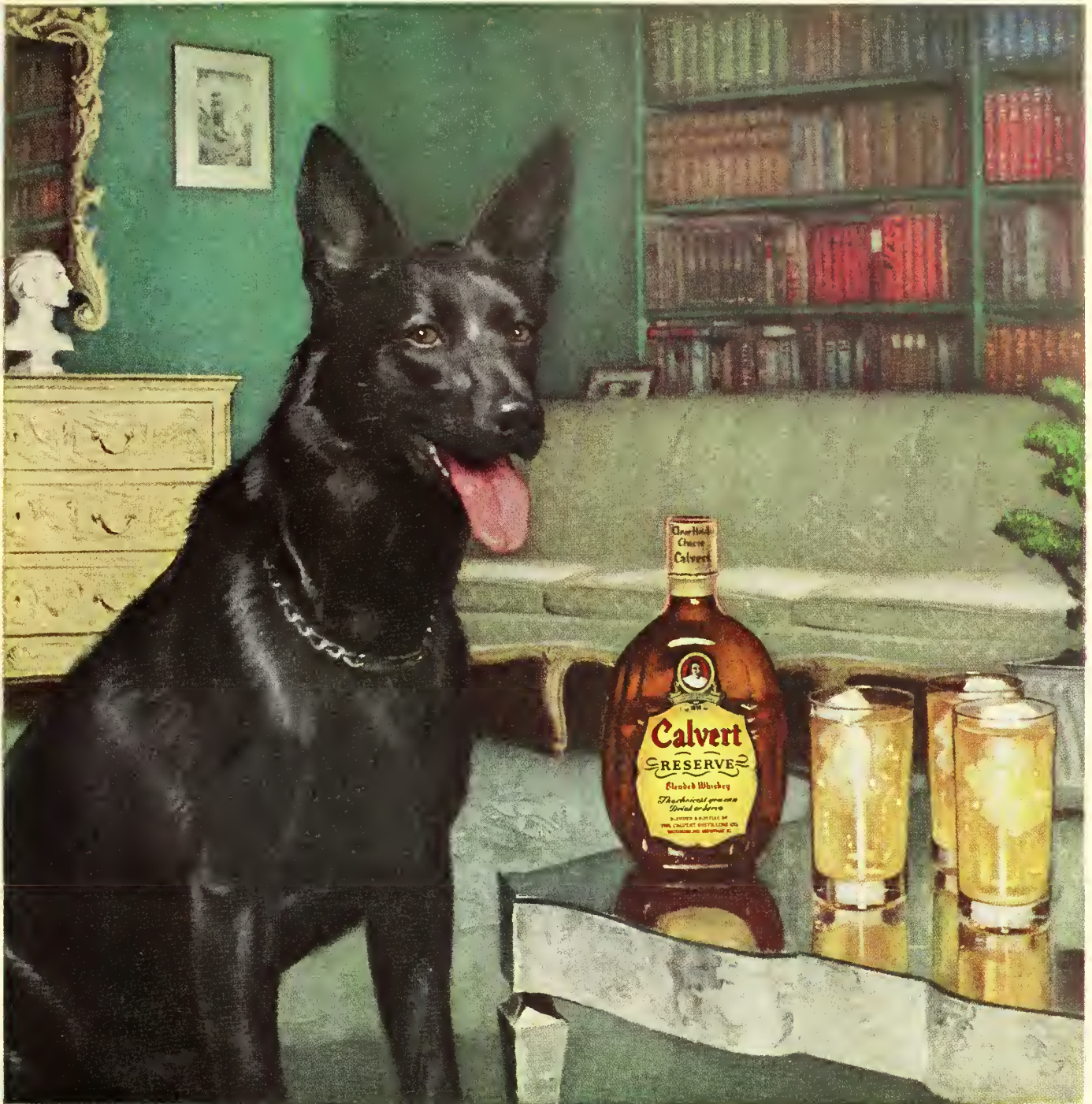
Mike Hankin
(Ex-Timberwolf 104th Inf. Div.)
Baltimore, Md.

▼ Mike is right, as are a number of other Legionnaires who wrote to tell us that when on the Contents Page we hinted that it might not be the 1st Division we were definitely off the beam.

Editors

LONELY MARY AGAIN

What a tempest in a teapot I stirred up! (*Sound Off!* August issue) Our local newspaper even carried a feature (Continued on page 52)



"Moritza," Black Belgian Shepherd, shown in the New York town house of her famous owner, star of stage and screen, Basil Rathbone.

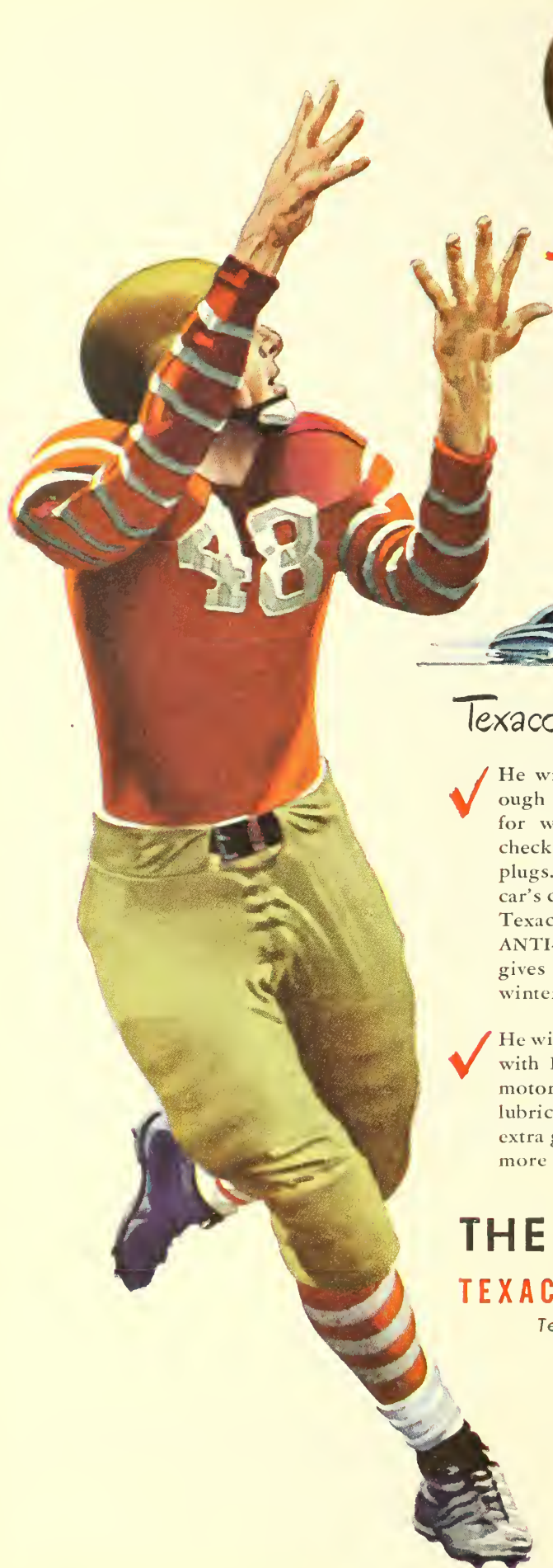
"Another Basil Rathbone hit...he's switched to Calvert!"

Everywhere folks are taking the cue
and switching to Calvert Reserve—because
they've found they prefer Calvert's lighter,
smoother, mellower taste. Credit *that* to
Calvert's greater blending experience!
Try Calvert Reserve tonight, yourself.
We predict you'll switch, too!

Clear Heads Switch To
Calvert Reserve

BECAUSE IT'S SMOOTHER, MELLOWER...TASTES BETTER

Choice Blended Whiskey—86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City



Top Performance

calls for top condition



Take your car to your
Texaco Dealer NOW for a Fall check-up ✓

✓ He will give your car a thorough inspection and service it for winter driving. He will check your tires, battery, spark plugs. He will protect your car's cooling system with new Texaco PERMANENT TYPE ANTI-FREEZE . . . one filling gives you sure protection all winter long.

✓ He will also fill your crankcase with HAVOLINE, the *modern* motor oil that CLEANS as it lubricates . . . and gives you extra gas-miles, quicker starts, more efficient power.

✓ And for that comfortable "cushiony" feeling as you drive, he will apply MARFAK —the tougher, longer-lasting chassis lubricant that fights friction and wear. It's applied by chart, never by chance.

✓ For luxurious power-to-spare, fill up with Texaco SKY CHIEF gasoline...or with FIRE-CHIEF, the economical gasoline that gives utmost power at regular prices . . . They're sold by your Texaco Dealer, *the best friend your car ever had!*

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TUNE IN . . . TEXACO STAR THEATER every Wednesday night starring Milton Berle. See newspaper for time and station.

WILDERNESS FURY

A story of blind anger and
thoughtless passion running its brutal course in
the deep timber



The American
LEGION
Magazine

By JIM KJELGAARD

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB KUHN

BEFORE THE big bull elk killed the hunter it destroyed a huckleberry bush and filled a gray squirrel with an unknown dread. Thereafter blood, violence and fear reigned in the forest until the end. It all happened this way:

Except for one oak whose dried leaves rattled crisply against each other the gray trees had long since been stripped by the winds. The dried grass and forest shrubs were autumn-withered. Naked boulders arched their round, cold backs out of the frozen earth. And there was madness in the eyes of the big bull elk that stood in the wind on the ridge.

Low on the trunk of a big beech tree, the gray squirrel could smell the madness. It plastered itself flat against the trunk and clung quietly there, looking like one of the wrinkled warts on the tree. Ordinary peril the squirrel could cope with, but not the evil thing that had taken possession of the massive elk.

A monstrous beast, with heavy-beamed, long-tined



The bull silently closed the gap between himself and the man, and when a scant few yards separated them the mad elk charged

antlers, the bull stood almost as still as one of the boulders. His head was up, his ears extended, his eyes unblinking. The wind soared low to earth and moved the leafless branches of a huckleberry copse directly in front of the bull. With frightening speed and senseless fury the creature hurled his seven hundred pounds of superbly-conditioned sinew, bone, and flesh, upon the bush.

His head swept down and forward, and the dozen heavy tines with which his antlers were armed flicked like twelve spears through the copse. Fragile branches broke, leaving long vivid scars where they had been joined to the parent bush, and a single twig that had been carried aloft by the bull's raised antlers dropped to cling to his tawny head. When the bull swung his antlers again, the little twig fell to the ground.

The bull curved his right foreleg, bringing an enormous, split hoof down on the copse and grinding it to the earth. With reasonless anger he reared, brought both front hooves down on

the broken branches, and smashed them into splinters. He did a crazy dance on the splinters, pawing them into nothingness and scraping clods and chunks out of the frozen earth wherein they had been rooted. Finally, when only shreds remained of the bush, and a great hole gaped in the earth where it had been rooted, the bull again stood still.

Crouching very near the base of the tree, the gray squirrel shivered. He knew the slightest motion would betray him, but he could not help himself. The gray squirrel was familiar with most wilderness perils, but he had never seen anything like this. The bull's heaving flanks, wild eyes, parted jaws, and ruffled mane, bespoke more than ordinary mating season madness. In this bull the last tenuous mental cord had snapped. He was not merely seeking a mate. He was insane, amok, a raving beast that saw whatever moved as something to be killed.

The wind had lulled, but presently it started anew and soared over the

crest of the ridge. The mad bull faced into it, testing the various currents with his nose and pricking his ears forward the better to listen. His eyes seemed on fire, but the insanity that gripped him so completely had brought other factors with it. Always a quick-thinking and clever beast, one whose cunning alone had kept him safe for seven years when everything from cougars to men with guns would have killed him, he was now more crafty than ever, unchecked by normal fear.

Now he moved, as quietly as a cat that slinks on padded paws into the night, and he seemed to have neither body nor substance as he drifted through the trees. Rather, he was a floating shadow, and even the intent gray squirrel could not be exactly sure of where the bull was every second. Creating not a whisper of noise, the creature let his madness guide him into the wind.

He was out to kill, to pierce flesh with his antlers and chop it with his hooves just as he had pierced and chopped the huckleberry copse, and



his was the way to kill. Huge, powerful, made fearless by his very insanity, the bull continued his cat-like stalk. Suddenly, warned by the wind that something lay ahead, the bull veered slightly.

Still no more than a moving shadow, he came silently to the edge of a meadow and looked out across it. In the center of the meadow, with a rifle in his hands but his back to the mad bull, stood a red-coated hunter. The bull advanced very softly now, very cunningly, into the meadow and toward a creature from which he ordinarily would have fled in wild fear. He closed the distance between himself and the man, walking so silently that the man had no warning at all. When a bare three yards separated them, the bull charged.

Only once did the man cry out, a choked and strangled cry that was borne away by the wind. The bull thrust with his antlers, then thrust again, and reared to pound with his hooves. A wild blood lust and a great fury had him now, and he engaged in a bloody orgy of destruction. After

half an hour, the edge of his insanity whetted ten times over, the bull stepped away from the shapeless thing that had been a man. He began to stalk up wind.

He smelled the grizzly which the hunter had hoped to kill.

The bear was an old and wise one. Years ago, as an awkward cub, he had learned what happens to wild things who let impulse, or anything except reason, be their guide. He and his sister had been playing in a sunny meadow when, like gray ghosts, the gray wolves appeared. The little bear climbed a tree, but his panic-stricken sister dived headlong into a cave where the wolves could easily follow. The bear had never forgotten that, and he had lived to be old because of the wisdom he had acquired when young.

An hour ago, hungry, he had been making his way towards a sheltered hillside where, because the ground never froze deeply, the marmots dug shallow burrows. The grizzly's only purpose had been to dig out and eat a few marmots. Then he had become

aware of the hunter on his trail.

Far too clever to run blindly, and risk running into another hunter, the grizzly had played his own wise game. But the hunter, too, was skillful and the grizzly had lost his scent.

The bear still felt no more fear than a mild alarm. The hunter certainly was not down-wind, and when the grizzly came to this place a herd of mule deer that had been browsing fled to his right. They had not returned, therefore they had found nothing to alarm them. A gently-sloping hill rose to the grizzly's left, and on top of it a flock of crows flapped around a gaunt stub. Their danger call had not sounded, therefore nothing approached from that direction. Though he could neither see, nor smell, nor hear the hunter, the grizzly still knew almost exactly where he was. He was not positive, and he would make no move until he was certain of just where that move should take him.

From time to time the grizzly scanned the trees to his right and glanced up to (Continued on page 30)

Three times wounded in the Pacific, he found that his old job was being held down by a man who boasted of having beaten the draft



Another veteran found his dream house in the country, but it was actually a hog shed owned by a rich man

The WAC returned to find that her invalid husband had squandered her money



Talk About Troubles!



"What the government does for you may give you a start, but what it fails to do can't stop you . . ."

One of America's best known clergymen studies the gripes of veterans and points out where the nation has failed, as well as the vets themselves

By Dr. DANIEL A. POLING

ILLUSTRATED BY HAL McINTOSH *

ONE EVENING in June 1943 the Merchants Limited running a few minutes late between Boston and New York came to a non-scheduled stop at Bridgeport, Connecticut. A man boarded and was ushered into the already overcrowded Pullman smoking room. The car was sold out at Boston and now just about the last foot of space in the smoking room was jammed. At the time travel was restricted and we had been entertained by a jocular brother who asked each new arrival, "Is your journey absolutely necessary?" He had a personal gripe and was against everything including the

Government. To the new arrival he now addressed himself. "Brother," he said, "you must be a man of influence with Roosevelt. You stopped the Merchants! Unlike the rest of us you seem to have some privileges left. Is your journey absolutely necessary?"

And then the room became quiet. The man from Bridgeport smiled slightly and replied as though he had not heard the question. "I am going to Dubuque, Iowa," he said, "to attend a memorial service for my boy. This

was the only train that would make my connection and the government arranged the trip. My boy was a captain in the artillery. He was killed in North Africa at Faid Pass." He hesitated a moment and then went on. "Until he put on his army uniform we had been together ever since he was a kid. His mother died when he was born. He

was a three-letter man in high school and when he went to Yale, my company transferred me to Bridgeport so that I could be close to him." There was another pause and then he concluded as though talking to himself. "I used to have privileges but now they are all duties."

I thought about that man from Bridgeport as I finished reading a sheaf of "gripe" letters written by ex-servicemen, the wives and mothers of ex-servicemen and, two of them, by ex-servicewomen. Behind this sheaf of letters are hundreds of others that have come to me during the war and since its close—"gripe" letters that cover everything. Only a few of them are little and mean and just a few of the writers are like that.

One man complains because while he drives a second-hand Ford, a 4F who stayed at home has a Cadillac. The writer thinks the country owes him a good car "toot-sweet." Another is for a bonus immediately that will fully meet the high cost of living, but the letter indicates that if he got it most of the money would go out like a light.

Generally, however, the gripes are legitimate; they make a case that shames America and not until the rest of us approximate the spirit of the man from Bridgeport are we going to find the answers.

For instance, here is a boy who sacrificed to send every possible dollar to his mother who was a widow. She was saving it so that when he got back they could buy a little home where they would live together with the boy's young wife—only that mother didn't save it. When he returned he found a second husband on the ground, his mother's junior by twenty years. Every dollar of his savings had been spent. I hope that particular stepfather got what he deserved. But today this ex-soldier and his young wife are beginning again and to their eternal credit let it be said that however deep the wound they are not "down-hearted" and definitely they are making good.

Another GI, three times wounded in the Pacific, returned to his old job which he has since lost. The man who took his place has the nerve to boast that he beat the draft. That would give ulcers to a Congressional Medal hero.

A former WAC whose husband was an invalid is not "crying" even though the man got well enough while she was away to squander her money. She thought her heart was broken when he left her but she knows better now and isn't listening to his pitiful pleas to be allowed to come home again.

One veteran writes a little masterpiece describing a ride through the country when he and his wife found their little (Continued on page 47)



Veteran Joe Press is too busy to worry about troubles. From his hospital bedside he runs a half-million-dollar business



CONFESSIONS OF A

Contest Judge

Strange things often happen when John Citizen decides to take a crack at winning some big money

By WILLIAM J. ROWLAND as told to JAY UTTAL

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH STEIN

I JUDGE EVERYTHING from soap to nuts.

I live in a world of 25 words or less. I'm probably the read'nest man in the world. Every day I pass judgment on 30,000 literary efforts.

In my job with the world's largest independent judging agency, I handle entries in contests sponsored by everybody from soap companies to manufacturers of peanuts. I have been subject to more temptations than a small boy with a slingshot at a balloon convention. Poor old ladies whose lives hang on the threads of meager pen-

sions send in their slogans, coins and tearful prayers that I'll give them one of the prizes. Blind people and crippled children tug at my emotions with plaintive letters accompanying their entries. Yet, though my heart must be as hard as the manager of Ye Quickie Loan Shoppe, it pumps faster than a supersonic jet plane when that elusive top-notch entry moves into sight.

It is amazing how many similar entries a judging agency receives during

a contest. At the same time that Aunt Minnie from Dubuque is spending the prize-money she figures she'll win from her "original" contribution, Susie Sadsack from Wheeling is mailing in the very same thing—just as convinced that her brainstorm is the McCoy. In the recent gigantic competition engineered by Ralph "Truth and Consequences" Edwards for the American Heart Association, I'll bet there were 40,000 Americans who submitted the identical slogan in quest of the \$40,000 in awards. "Have a heart and save a heart" was the repetitious entry that finally made me feel like begging half the country to "have a heart" and save this poor judge!

Anything can happen when the stakes are so high and the contest craze is so terrific. Not the least of the phenomena are the con-men who try to buy their way, either openly or covertly, to success. One letter I perused from Iowa while the "Miss Hush" melee was in progress, read: "10 cents is all I can afford, but I will gladly contribute \$5 to the Paralysis fund if I win." Big of him, wasn't it? Some of



my best friends become people who suddenly discover a long-misplaced affection for me about the time a big contest begins. Many a maid tried to inveigle me into revealing the "Walking Man" when the plain truth is I actually didn't know. Only Edwards and Jack Benny knew the real identity.

Of the five million hopefuls who have poured forth their ideas and mazuma in the past few years for contests, my personal observation is that both the worst and best entries come from Texas. Reason for the "best" rating: contest clubs meet regularly in Dallas and Houston. Parenthetically, it should be added that these groups have mushroomed to prominence in the last decade, with a surprising number of otherwise normal citizens making their living by entering contests. As for the other category, suffice

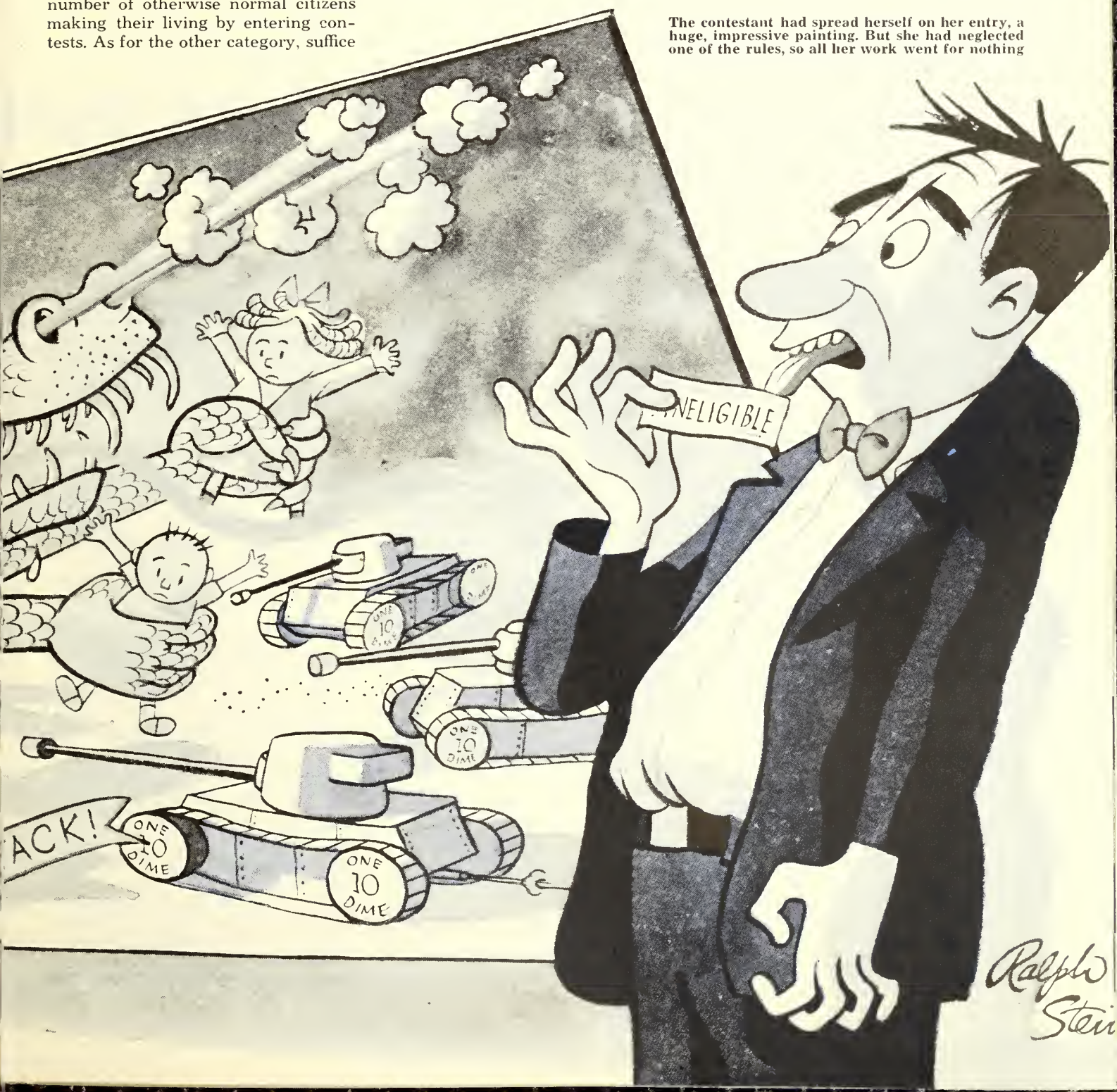
it to say that it is not unusual for a rangy Lone Star state cowhand to submit his entry on the back of a Bull Durham wrapper. One of the most memorable entries, incidentally, was in the Heart contest when a certain gentleman (?) mailed us several fancy sheets of latrine stationery, with his slogan: "Wipe heart disease off the face of the earth."

Undoubtedly, though, the most elaborate entry in my experience was in the March of Dimes contest. It came from a middle-aged woman in Nebraska, and was 20 feet long and five feet high. She had evidently devoted painstaking hours because it was painted in oils, in great detail, with a huge dragon marked "Polio" clutching

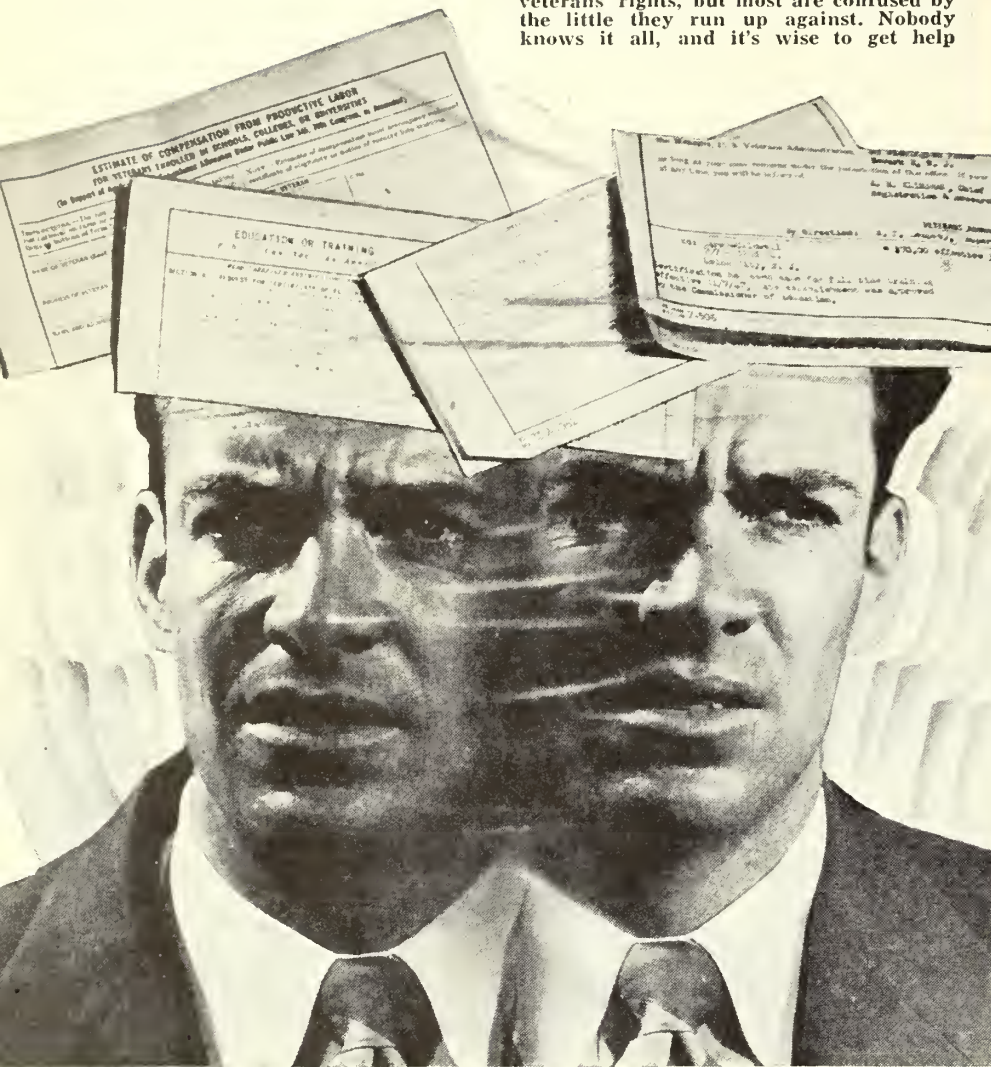
little children in its claws. The monster was surrounded by tanks, propelled by Roosevelt dimes, which had the dragon at bay. Under the picture were the words, "Back the Attack!" One of our pretty young lady readers gasped, "It's bound to win!" She and all the others in our office nearly tore off my tired head a second later when I pressed a two-inch stamp marked "Ineligible" on the massive affair. My eyes had quickly noticed that the Nebraska lady's name and address were in the lower left-hand corner when the rules called for them to be in the upper right-hand corner.

Since there is no limit on the number of entries one may submit, some of the boys (Continued on page 35)

The contestant had spread herself on her entry, a huge, impressive painting. But she had neglected one of the rules, so all her work went for nothing



Some veterans think they know all about veterans' rights, but most are confused by the little they run up against. Nobody knows it all, and it's wise to get help



CAN YOU

Veterans who tackle the VA single-handed are gambling needlessly with their rights and benefits

By T. W. BRICKETT

ILLUSTRATED BY LOWELL HESS

THE PURPOSE of this article is to persuade all veterans to use the free advice and counsel of the Service Officers of veterans organizations or other accredited veterans agencies when they have dealings with the Veterans Administration.

The evidence in favor of this suggestion is so overwhelming and one-sided that it is a frightful task to keep the argument down to size. In fact, anyone who knows anything about the subject cannot understand why any veteran would tackle the VA single-handed.

Today over 50% of the veterans who have claims with the VA do not use the free counsel or representation of The American Legion or any of the rest of a total of 70 organizations and agencies which are accredited by the VA to deal with the VA for the veteran.

The action of these 50% seems silly

to those on the inside. They would not be surprised to see such veterans walking down the street scattering dollar bills left and right. To put this folly in its simplest form, here are the basic facts:

The VA is so big, so encumbered with duties and problems, that it makes mistakes. Meanwhile there is nobody in the employ of the VA to watch over individual cases to guard against mistakes. Nor is there anybody in the employ of the VA to fight for a victory for the veteran. On the other hand the employees of veterans' organizations and service agencies watch each individual case which they handle to guard the veteran's interest, and their point of view is always to get from the VA the best possible break for the veteran.

Veterans who work for the VA know this. The average veteran who works for the VA will let The American Legion handle his personal veteran-problem. Recently, when a wholesale layoff of VA employees (Civil Service) seemed imminent, the National Re-

habilitation staff of The American Legion was flooded with the claims of veteran-employees of the Veterans Administration who were seeking to establish preferences as veterans to avoid being victims of the layoff. They asked the Legion to present their cases for them.

The men who run the VA from the top have this same reliance on The American Legion; as a friendly critic, as a watchdog of veterans' rights, and as the guardian of the individual veteran who deals with the VA.

Do you think I'm kidding? Listen then to these words of the top man in the VA, a man cursed with a terribly complex job, Carl R. Gray, Jr. It is the 9th of last March. Flanked by several aides, Administrator of Veterans Affairs Gray is seated at a meeting in Washington where he is explaining his difficulties to the then Commander of The American Legion, Jimmy O'Neil, who is also flanked by several aides. Here is what Gray tells O'Neil, in the midst of a long description of

SENIOR CONTACT REPRESENTATIVE



VOCATIONAL REHABILITATION & EDUCATION OFFICE



ADVISORY BOARD



CHIEF OF SECTION



MORAL

DEAL WITH THE VA?

the incredible complexities of his job and the likelihood of error by the VA:

"All of us make mistakes. We're going to make a lot of mistakes. But if you boys will come to me with real cases I'll give my word, and each of these gentlemen around here will do the same thing, that we'll certainly correct them as fast as is humanly possible, so that some day we'll be rendering the service it is intended we should render..."

Mr. Gray did not mean by this that veterans who claim the VA has made a mistake will have their claims looked into by the top men of the Veterans Administration. Earlier, in the same talk, he had explained that he personally receives something over 100,000 complaint letters a year from veterans. They are addressed to him and marked *personal* or *confidential*. They snow him under, and many veterans who write him and receive the brief, vague answer he must give many of them in order to deal at all with this blizzard of complaints, feel that they have gotten the "old brush-off," even though each letter is finally referred for investigation to the office of the agency having custody of the veteran's file.

When Mr. Gray asked "you boys to come to me with real cases" he was stating his reliance on Legion Service Officers to establish the merits of the hundreds of thousands of complaints

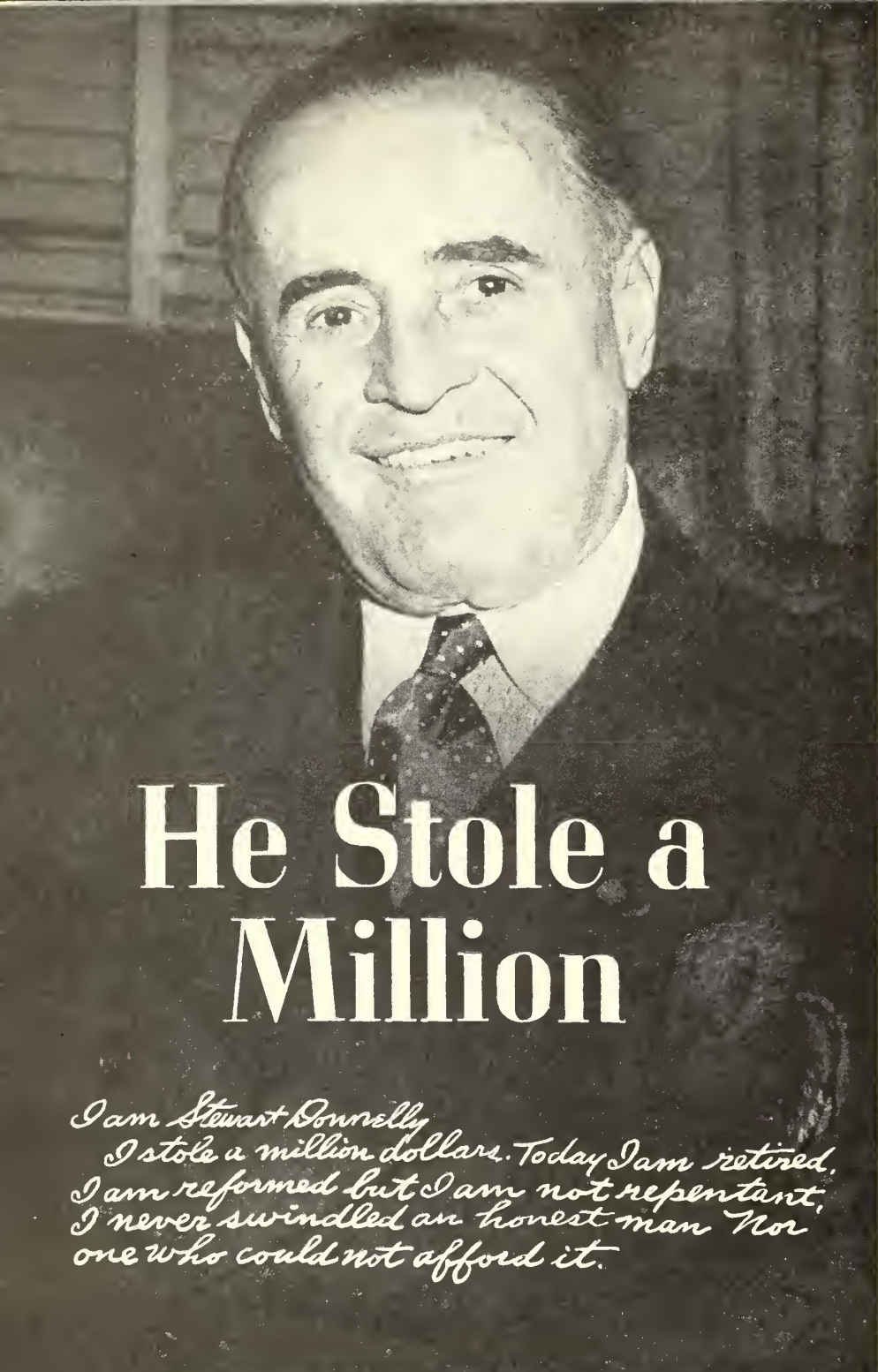
from veterans, to settle those at lower levels in the VA which can be settled that way, and only bring to the top those cases which cannot be worked out satisfactorily in any other way. He was promising that if things worked that way every veteran could get a square deal. He was also promising that if things did not work that way, not all veterans would get a square deal, for "we make mistakes" and "if you bring us real cases" the VA might "some day render the service we should."

In order for the Legion to present those "real cases" veterans must permit the Legion to handle their claims. The 50% of veterans who do not let the Legion or any other agency handle their claims cannot take up Mr. Gray's invitation for a square deal. If things go wrong with them, no Service Officer is going to know anything about it. When the mistakes are made the 50% are going to come off on the short end, as many of them are doing today. Among those 50% who ignore the free counsel of veterans' organizations are the harshest critics of the harried, overworked, oftentimes confused Veterans Administration.

At a recent huddle between VA officials and Legion Service Officers, George W. Cameron, Service Officer of the Legion Department of Alabama, cited a rather common experience. Recently, he (Continued on page 40)



There is nobody in the VA to fight for the individual veteran. Knowing this the VA lets Service Officers like Bill Grund do the job, but some vets don't use them



He Stole a Million

*I am Stewart Donnelly
I stole a million dollars. Today I am retired.
I am reformed but I am not repentant.
I never swindled an honest man Nor
one who could not afford it.*



Episodes from the life of a swindler who has served his time prove a sucker has to want something for nothing

By MICHAEL Mac DOUGALL

A GENTLE GRIFTER if there ever was one, that's Stewart Donnelly. In the unwritten Who's Who of the underworld this master of the art of chicanery rates as a monarch. And well he might, for Donnelly has invented more con games, garnered more money, and trimmed more suckers than any other sharpshooter. In pre-war years, when swindling on the high seas was the safest form of larceny, Donnelly perfected a method of cheating at poker which was sheer wizardry.

On a ten-day trip the sharp would cheat just once, but that once was enough. The loot was never less than five thousand, often topped fifty thousand. Not a bad take, considering the fact there was absolutely no chance of a run-in with the law.

The best part of the setup, from Donnelly's point of view, was the fact that he could choose his victims carefully. Usually he managed to pick on someone he disliked. Which perhaps explains why, fifteen years ago, Max Schmeling, returning to Germany with a suitcase full of American dollars, was taken to the tune of sixteen thousand.

The North German liner Columbus was crowded on that particular trip. Seats in the high stake draw poker game were at a premium. Donnelly, by getting there early and staying late, soon became known as a regular. So too did Schmeling, who played every day.

For six days Donnelly played honestly, biding his time and observing



the others. He particularly noticed that Schmeling, loud mouthed and arrogant, played poker as he fought—aggressively. Winning or losing he liked to have more money in front of him than had any other player.

Came the last night of the trip and the sharper baited his trap. When he sat down to play he placed ten thousand dollars on the table. As expected, Schmeling immediately increased his own bankroll.

It was customary for the game to break up at midnight. At five minutes to twelve only five players were left in the game. The kibitzers had disappeared. Donnelly picked up the cards, shuffled, and dealt. Schmeling looked at his hand and could hardly repress an exclamation of joy. Small wonder, since the hand contained four lovely aces.

Donnelly didn't have to look to know that he held a four-card straight flush: the nine, ten, jack and queen of spades. He also knew what no one else knew—that the eight and king of spades were on top of the deck.

Schmeling opened for a thousand, Donnelly raised a thousand, the others dropped out. A few more raises sweetened the pot considerably. It held twelve thousand even before the draw.

Max discarded one and drew the eight of spades, Donnelly discarded one and drew the king of spades. Confident that his four bullets were high, the German shoved all his money into the



Donnelly (left) in younger days, posing aboard ship with Max Schmeling and his trainer. Donnelly's trick shuffle took Max for \$16,000

pot. Donnelly called, fanned his straight flush, and raked in the money. White with fury, Max ripped the cards in two and stumbled from the room, loser of more than sixteen thousand dollars.

The game broke up with the other players congratulating Donnelly on his good fortune. Probably the good wishes would have been withheld if

they had known that Donnelly had stacked the deck. The method of shuffling the cards to place them in position is known to tricksters as the haymaker. Donnelly called it the money-maker. And he was right for he netted a hundred thousand a year for a decade. Perhaps he would still have been using the fool-proof swindle if the shipping lines hadn't decided to put a stop to the activities of Stewart Donnelly and his ilk.

Jack King, a detective who was as skilled with the pasteboards as was his quarry, was put on the trail of the straight-flush wonder. King realized that he had an exceptionally difficult assignment. The fact that Donnelly cheated only once a trip made him practically immune to arrest or exposure. But the powers-that-be had said: "Stop him," and King intended to do just that.

Learning that Donnelly had booked passage on the *Beren-garia* the detective did likewise. In this fancy game of hare and hounds, King had one tremendous advantage. He knew Donnelly by sight, and knew what he was. For his part, Donnelly accepted King at face value, as just another potential sucker.

Night after night the two men played poker. Always King was careful to keep in front of him more money than any other player. And always he needed Donnelly, ribbing him unmercifully, (Continued on page 31)

THE HAYMAKER SHUFFLE

The cards are arranged as in picture 1 while the crooked dealer picks up the cards during the play of the previous hand. This is easy for any man who practices card manipulation and card-memory. Four aces go on top, the "flush-filling" eight and king are separated from the aces by 17 indifferent cards, and the four-card straight flush is on the bottom. What happens next is the reason you shouldn't play for high stakes with strangers. The arrangement of the vital cards so they will fall as desired looks like the most honest shuffle in the world when done rapidly by an expert. Other pictures show in slow motion what ac-

tually happens during the "shuffle."

2. Deck is held between fingers and thumb of right hand. Left-hand fingers are on bottom of deck, left thumb on top of deck. Left hand draws a card from top and bottom at once.

3. Four times in all, cards are drawn from top and bottom at same time and dropped in left hand, then deck is thrown on top of the eight cards in the palm of the left hand, and the entire deck taken up again by the right.

4. Shuffle continues. Twice cards are dropped from top and bottom into left hand, then one from top alone, as shown here.

5. This is repeated (top-bottom, top-bottom, top alone) three times (four times in all), then the twenty cards in left hand are placed on

top of the deck and the shuffle is completed.

With this arrangement, in a five-hand game, third player gets the four aces, dealer gets the four-card straight flush. The eight and king, either of which will fill the straight flush, are on top of the deck. Variations of this shuffle can take care of any sucker or any total number of hands in the game. High betting knocks out the rest of the players before the draw. If sucker with four aces stands pat, dealer gets eight of spades in his one-card draw. If sucker draws one card, dealer gets king of spades. Either way the straight flush beats the four aces. We won't tell you how the dealer protects himself against a cut of the deck after cards are stacked. But he does.



Colorado's Walking Blood Bank

Compliments of
SOUTH PARK AMERICAN LEGION POST
No. 172, Fairplay, Colorado.

Name *Oliver, A.A.*
Address *Fairplay, Colorado*
BLOOD TYPE *O* Rh FACTOR *positive*
SEROLOGY *Negative*
Date of Sample—October 1947.
In Emergency Call—American Legion Post No.
172, (Walking Blood Bank).

LIFE CAN BE RUGGED in Park County, Colorado. It is a large mountain parkland, 9,000 feet and more in elevation, hemmed in on all sides by towering ranges. The county's 3,300 citizens are comparatively isolated in summer and almost totally isolated in the winters, which can be severe. Twelve hundred persons live in the town of Fairplay. The rest are pretty well scattered on ranches and mines across the huge natural saucer.

Personal medical emergencies can make the whole county feel helpless—and lonely. Violent accidents and emergency hospital cases are far more dangerous there than in a city—the resources of the outside world may be of no help and Park County may be on its own, an island in a sea of mountains.

Park long needed, but could not support, a regular blood bank, available for emergency blood transfusions. However, two enterprising young doctors, Robert Patterson and Marian Rymer, and South Park Post of the American Legion have solved the blood bank problem by stealing the idea of the armed services' dog tags—creating a Walking Blood Bank.

When Dr. Patterson came to Fairplay after War Two the town had been

without medical service since 1942. He came to town talking up his Walking Blood Bank idea from the first handshake. Soon Frank A. Montgomery, Fairplay druggist, brought the matter up at a meeting of South Park Post of the Legion. He proposed that the Post sponsor the plan, finance the promotion and make Park County the proving grounds for similar plans elsewhere. He pointed out that a Walking Blood Bank would afford its members all the protection any big-city blood bank could offer.

The program was approved by the Post, and a committee of three took over publicity, the recruitment of volunteers and the housing and feeding of the medical staff during its stay in Fairplay to set up the Bank. The Legion conducted a campaign to sell the idea to the entire county which received wide publicity.

Large posters announcing the time, place and purpose of the program were placed throughout the community, and the proposed Walking Blood Bank was discussed before various clubs and groups. Excellent cooperation was given by local newspapers, and stories appeared in both of Denver's daily papers in advance of the program. Starting about five days before the

registration date, radio stations broadcast stories about the blood bank, and an attempt was made during the first afternoon and evening to telephone every family in the South Park area, to explain that the blood bank was not a direct appeal for blood donors that day.

What was the idea of the Walking Blood Bank? Simply this. To get as many volunteers as possible to register their blood-types with the local hospital in a systematic way, and then to have each of these volunteers carry with him a blood-type card, issued by the hospital, so that any time, any place in the county, there might be somebody standing by to give his blood—already typed—in case of such need.

On the two registration days set up by the doctors, 386 volunteers came to the hospital and had their blood typed. Today, and as long as they live in Park County, they are instantly available to give their blood to any fellow citizen who may need it. Incidentally, should any of the carriers of these blood-type cards require a transfusion they are themselves protected because their blood is already typed.

THE END

Information submitted by A. A. Oliver, Historian, South Park Post

LEGION NEWSLETTER

A DIGEST OF EVENTS WHICH ARE LIKELY TO BE OF PERSONAL INTEREST TO YOU

November, 1948

GET OUT THE VOTE: Major Legion program for November 2 is to VOTE and GET OUT THE VOTERS for the general elections....Get out the vote campaign, sparked by local Posts, has been fitted to local needs throughout the country....Reports of planned activities sent in to Americanism Division at National Headquarters range all the way from community surveys, transportation service, baby sitting and substitute workers to free shows, dances and entertainment for persons who actually vote on election day.

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STATES TO VOTE ON BONUS: Nine States will vote on the question of paying a bonus to their WW2 veterans at the November 2 elections: They are Indiana, Iowa, Louisiana, Missouri, Minnesota, Nebraska, South Dakota, Washington and Wisconsin....Pennsylvania will not vote on the issue this year....Bonus proposal in that State must have second approval, by the 1949 Legislature, before being submitted to the people for decision....Same situation applies in New York on repeal of that section of the bonus law requiring eligible veterans to be residents of State at time of making application....Repealer approved in 1948 must be again approved by 1949 session, then submitted to the voters....Legislature and voters of North Dakota have authorized payment of a bonus to WW2 vets, but must await enactment of laws by next Legislature (1949) to make the proposal effective....Nine States and two Territories have enacted bonus laws in varying amounts....Connecticut, Illinois, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Hampshire, New York, Ohio, Rhode Island, Vermont, Alaska and Hawaii....Maine defeated a bonus proposal at the polls in 1946--only State to take such action.

* * * *

DISABLED VETS MUST LIST DEPENDENTS: Veterans with disability ratings of 60 percent or more must submit documentary evidence of dependents in order to qualify for increased compensation payments authorized under Public Law 877 (Newsletter, September, 1948). This law provides additional allowance for disabled veterans rated 60 percent or more who have a wife, children or dependent parents....Veterans whose dependents are recorded in their VA folders as of September 1, 1948, effective date of law, will have until December 1 to file the necessary evidence....These awards will be retroactive to September 1; otherwise effective date of increase will be date of receipt of evidence....Certified copies

of public or church records are best, if available, to establish dependency of wife and children. For parents, additional proof of dependency in the form of sworn statements as to income and property ownership are required.

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MUTUAL HOUSING PLAN FOR VETS: Pilot project of 10 such groups to provide 8,000 housing units, New York's first State-sponsored mutual housing development for veterans is under way at Bell Park Gardens, Bayside, a New York City suburb....It will consist of 800 dwelling units, all-veteran owned, spread over 40 acres--nearly all of which were taken by house-hungry vets before the first brick was laid....The plan of construction, financing and ownership incorporates most of the original recommendation made by the National Housing Committee, The American Legion, in gearing veterans' organizations, government, labor, builders, contractors and finance groups into a working team....New York Department and local Legion groups co-operated stoutly in planning and sale of units....Apartments will range in size from 3½ to 6 rooms, with required down payment of about \$225 per room....For typical 4½ room apartment, carried under the loan plan for mortgage period of 34½ years, the initial investment is \$1,146.47 with monthly payments of \$65.50 to cover full operation and maintenance....Construction program, costs and management of this 100 percent veteran-owned project will be supervised by the State Division of Housing.

* * * *

LEGION OLD-TIMER IN MOVIES: Doubling in brass, Legion old-guardster Frank H. McFarland, now living in Hollywood, combines acting for the movies with his law career....He has appeared in several films in the past few years....His latest is an important role in the popular "Babe Ruth Story," now being shown in flicker houses throughout the country, in which he plays the part of Ed Barrow, business manager of the Yankees....A two-war veteran, Legionnaire McFarland was Department Commander of Kansas in 1924; National Vice Commander in 1925, and has served on many important Department and National Committees.

* * * *

COMBATING COMMUNISM: A new pamphlet on communist front organizations, bringing the data down to date, has been issued by the Americanism Division....The brochure contains National Commander O'Neil's "How (continued on next page)

You Can Combat Communism," reprinted from the August number of this magazine....All commy fronts listed by the Attorney General, House Un-American Activities Committee, and committees of several State Legislatures are listed, with the citing authority identified....Preliminary material deals with the nature of commy fronts and tells of many well-meaning Americans having been drawn into such groups....Copies are available gratis from the Americanism Division, National Headquarters at Indianapolis.

* * * *

GOODWILL IDEA: Last mid-summer the village of Suffern, New York, installed parking meters in its shopping center....A storm of protests arose from merchants who feared the system would hurt business, and also from motorists who were tagged with great regularity for overstaying nickel parking time....By mid-August violations had climbed to 236 in one week, with temperature of motorists still rising....Then Fromm-Maxwell-DeBaun Post of the Legion came to the rescue...Armed with a pocketful of nickels and a batch of "Saved" tags, Legionnaires began dropping nickels in the meters when it was found that parking time was running out....When the motorist returned he found a Legion "Saved" tag on his car instead of a police invitation to appear at headquarters and pay a one buck fine....First week of operation, violations dropped to 53, and everybody happy at small cost....The idea is a great goodwill builder for the Post and community, says Commander John Chwaz.

* * * *

TRAINING FOR LEGION LEADERSHIP: Some hundreds of Legionnaires are equipping themselves with complete knowledge of the organization and are planning for future leadership through the course of study offered by the American Legion Extension Institute....The correspondence course covers complete background and programs of the organization and is designed not only for instruction of officers and committee members, but for all Legionnaires....Write National Headquarters, The American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana, for complete information.

* * * *

PERSONALITIES: Blinded on Saipan, Marine Robert F. Krug returned to his home in Dayton, Ohio, to resume a normal life and to organize and lead a Boy Scout Troop....Scoutmaster Krug puts his troop through a tough routine, and they like it. Now it is rated as one of the best and most active in the area....Sponsored by Vernon Roberts Post of the Legion, the outfit has plans for clubhouse building....Workdays, Legionnaire Krug does his job on the assembly line at the National Cash Register plant....In recognition of long continued public service, George J. Kaiseratt, Minnesota's immediate Past Department Commander, was presented the Minneapolis

Star and Tribune 1948 award for leadership....Erle Cocke, Jr., 28-year-old Department Commander of Georgia, faced a German execution squad--and lived to tell the story....Captured by the Germans, he was sentenced to be shot....After the Nazi firing squad left him for dead, French townspeople came to bury him....Still breathing, though almost riddled by bullets, he was hidden away and roughly nursed until liberation....Then he spent 14 months in 27 hospitals, undergoing 17 operations, before he was discharged....Tough 'ombre, he now commands the Georgia Legion.

* * * *

POSTITEMS: First Retread Post No. 667, Los Angeles, California, has awarded a gold leg band and citation to Kaiser, oldest carrier pigeon in the world and veteran of two world wars....Hatched at Cologne, Germany in February, 1917 Kaiser was captured by the American Army and finished WW1 in the Allies' corner....He trained his great-great-great-great grandchildren for service in WW2 and now, at 31 years, having outlived 12 wives, he's living a retired life at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey....The Retread Post leg band will replace the aluminum band bearing the German imperial crown which Kaiser has worn since chickhood....Manoa Post No. 667, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, calls itself a "whale of a Post"....So Bill Weisel, 3rd, built a 25-foot whale, capable of spouting water 20 feet in the air, for a float in the big Department Convention parade at Phila....Everybody had a whale of a time....Gifted by a deed for a \$10,000 building lot by Oilman Frank Phillips, Wikoff-Vermillion Post No. 129, Lyons, Kansas, plans immediate construction of a new \$30,000 Legion home.

* * * *

VA SAYS: Nearly 1,410,000 WW2 veterans borrowed more than \$7.7 billions under the GI Bill for homes, farms and businesses by July 1....A total of 81,688 veterans have used up all their training benefits under the GI Bill and Public Law 16....More than 1,100,000 vets were in summer schools under the same acts....More than 1,900,000 vets reinstated nearly 12 billion dollars of lapsed NSLI in the 15-month period before the July 31 deadline....But the door to NSLI reinstatement is not closed, vets can still reinstate on a comparative health basis within three months from date of lapse....After three months, insured must pass a physical examination and pay two monthly premiums.

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JERSEY SKEETERS WIN TITLE: Trenton, New Jersey, Junior Baseball team is the new Little World Series title holder....Winning clear-cut and deserved victories in the Little World Series at Victory Field, Indianapolis, September 6-10, the New Jersey lads defeated Omaha, Nebraska; Jacksonville, Florida, and Belleville, Illinois--survivors of 15,000 competing teams--to win pennant.

A veteran's slant on what is happening in the movies and the people who make them happen

By R. WILSON BROWN

NOW THAT WE have Selective Service again: Best estimates are that the draft will hit mostly office workers and bit players, most of the others being vets or over 25. The situation in theatres, exchanges and home offices, where much junior male help is employed, is expected to be worse than in the studios—but not acute; 15 percent is a good guess as to the number of men eligible in the picture business. Another result of the draft is the stepping-up of the production of 16 mm. training films. Some deal with indoctrination, some with guided missiles, some with weapon identification and handling. Most old training films are

I Was A Male War Bride . . . Fighter Squadron, a Technicolor from Warners, is based upon the exploits of a famed P-47 fighter group based in England during WW II. Henry Hull will play the role of Major General McCready, who commanded the group. Other stars are Edmund O'Brien and Robert Stack, also vets . . . And *Task Force*, war-time Navy aviation story covering the period beginning in 1921 with the Washington disarmament conference up to the present. The men who put out *Destination Tokyo*, *Pride of the Marines*, and *To The Victor* are handling . . . And *Sands of Iwo Jima*, an original which Republic will do with Marine Corps cooperation.

Edward Arnold went to Sawtelle (one of our local vet hospitals) for a program and delivered Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. When he had finished, a 105-year-old G. A. R. vet accosted him. "Nobody could be as good as Abe," said the vet. "And I heard him give that speech. But you were mighty good." Arnold's son Bill, by the way, has re-enlisted in the Army . . . Renewed interest by film producers in pictures with military backgrounds has caused the Army to assign a liaison officer here again as it did during the war. He's Col. H. J. Matchett and among the pictures on which he has worked is *Command Decision*, being released by MGM this month . . . Our most decorated movie vet, Audie Murphy, CMH, has just been honored by the French govern-



Most decorated vet Audie Murphy and Wanda Hendrix will marry soon

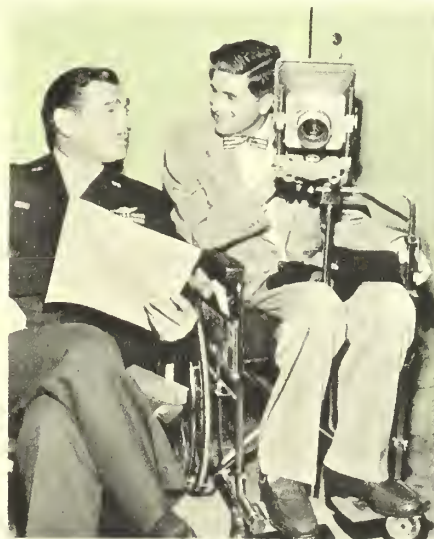
outdated because of so many new developments in weapons and methods.

* * *

Something to look forward to: *Somewhere In The City* from the Warner Bros. lot, because it will be filmed in Birmingham Veterans Hospital at Van Nuys, Calif., using that hospital's patients, doctors and nurses as actors and, by arrangement with the labor unions, paying them for the job. It is a case of the job going to the vet and, in this instance, most of them are wheel-chair vets—for which Warner's deserves a pat on the back.

We're proud of the fact that MGM picked Bert Kopperl to take the pictures to be used in publicity and advertising for *Command Decision*. Bert is a vet who is spending his life in a wheel chair, which fact doesn't keep him from taking the best pictures being shot in this town famed for good photography.

Other coming attractions: Cary Grant is to be the male war bride in



Publicity pictures for *Command Decision* are being made by disabled vet Bert Kopperl. At left is Clark Gable, star of the picture

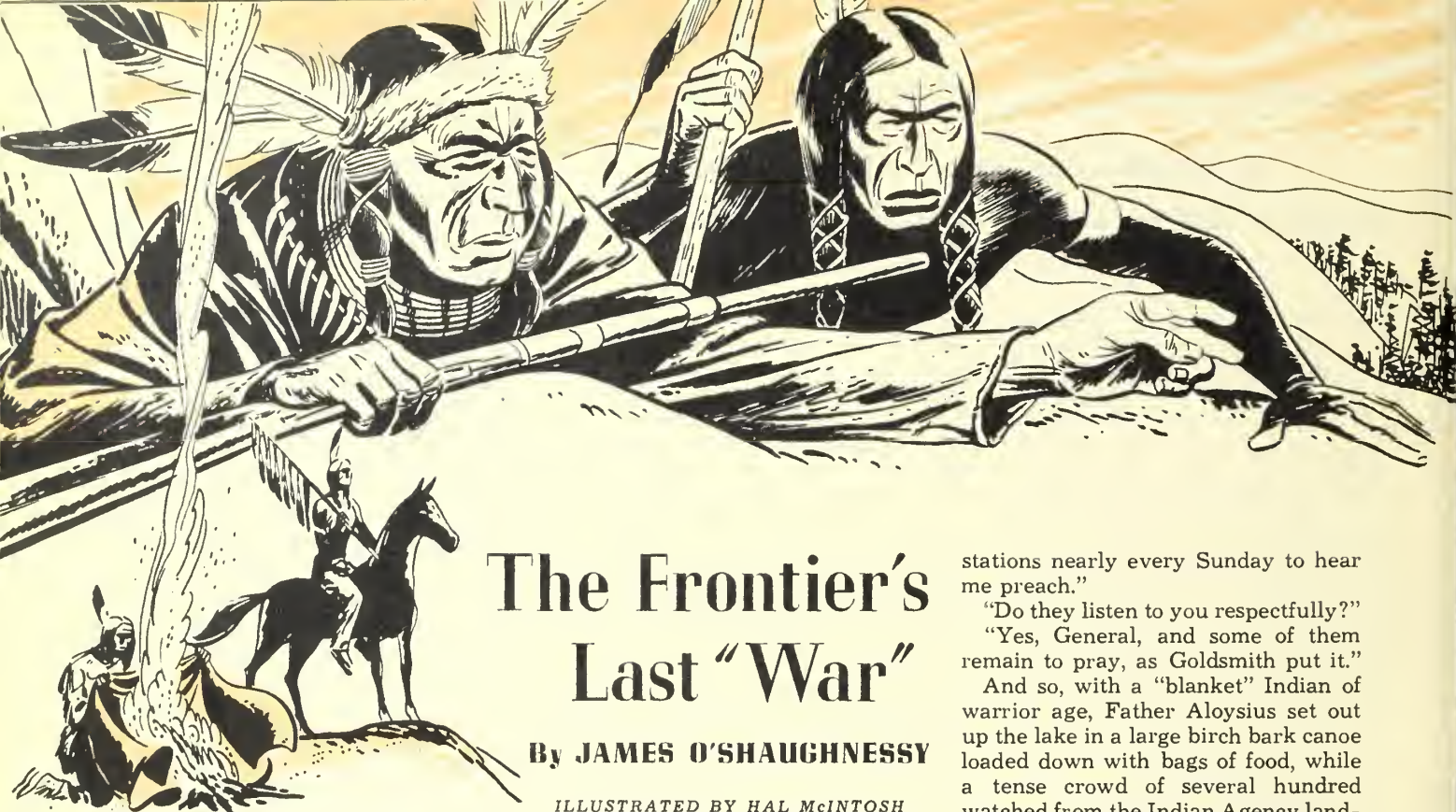


Many movie stars are "too busy" these days to visit patients in veterans hospitals, but Van Johnson, busy as he is, finds the time

ment with the Croix de Guerre with Palms plus being made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. His most recent picture is *Beyond Glory*, the West Point film. Now comes word that he'll be married in December in North Hollywood's Unity Church to Wanda Hendrix, 19-year-old Paramount lovely . . . Anthony John Adams Shields, 19, of Hollywood, is in the Army Air Force. What makes this news is that he's the nephew of two of our town's top character actors—a couple of Irish brothers with different screen names, Barry Fitzgerald and Arthur Shields, who look enough alike to be twins. Barry was at the train to see his nephew off to Lackland Air Base.

WHILE Donald O'Connor was in uniform, his studio, U-I, continued to pay him a weekly salary of \$300 which he turned over to his family. Now along comes the income tax bureau asking, "Where is our share?" . . . A large bronze plaque commemorating the eleven Paramount employees who died or were killed in action during the last war has been dedicated. The idea originated in the Legion's Paramount Post 557 . . . The French Legion of Honor has been presented to Director William Wyler of Paramount for his services to France and other freedom-loving countries as a U. S. Army officer during the war. He's the man who directed two Oscar winning films—*The Best Years Of Our Lives* and *Mrs. Miniver* . . . When you see *Rogues Regiment*, the French Foreign Legion picture, notice the inscription on a barracks wall. It is "Kilroy Etait Ici" and you know what that means!

MGM has (Continued on page 36)



The Frontier's Last "War"

By JAMES O'SHAUGHNESSY

ILLUSTRATED BY HAL MCINTOSH

Peace with Justice: An Incident of 1898



ON THE EVENING of the fifth of October, 1898 the startling news went over the telegraph wires that a major and six Regulars of the Third U. S. Infantry had been killed in a battle with the Chippewa Indians, near Leech Lake in north central Minnesota. In addition, twenty-eight soldiers were seriously wounded. So far as the military authorities knew, not a single Chippewa had been hit.

The history books had been saying that the Indian wars ended with the fighting at Wounded Knee in 1890, when Sitting Bull, the Sioux Chief, was killed. But here, with the Spanish-American War over by more than three months, the frontier populace was fearful of further trouble with the Chippewas, under their martial Chief Bogenagasag, and when I arrived at Walker, Minnesota, on assignment from the *Chicago Morning Chronicle* on the evening of October 6th I found the people in a state of terror.

Brigadier General John M. Bacon, U. S. A., in charge of the American force of less than a hundred men, was gravely apprehensive. Some twenty miles up the lake Chief Bogenagasag had 2,000 men, most of them armed with Winchesters and with a supply of ammunition that they had been collecting for nearly a year. The people

of Minnesota, remembering the massacres of Springfield and New Ulm, hardly knew where to turn for help. To the south the Ft. Snelling garrison, depleted by the demands of the Spanish-American War, could offer no immediate reinforcements.

General Bacon confided to the newspaper correspondents that his only hope was to gain time in a pow wow, but he had no one who could arrange it. He knew that the ruthless manner in which the lumbering companies cut down the treasured sugar maples and essential whitebark birch, in violation of treaty agreements, was responsible for the outbreak. So intense was the feeling that Bogenagasag had issued orders that white men coming into the Indian country were to be shot on sight.

As I circulated among the Agency Indians in Walker I became acquainted with a young Chippewa named Flying Dove. He had attended a mission school and spoke English well. To my inquiry if he could bring about a pow wow for the general he answered yes and added, "I'll run and get Father Aloysius* at White Earth. I'll have him here within two days."

When General Bacon saw the Benedictine priest—pale, blond and slender—he was frankly skeptical.

"Will those pagans listen to you, a Christian priest?" he asked.

"Some pagans come to the mission

*Rev. Aloysius Hermanutz, O.S.B.

stations nearly every Sunday to hear me preach."

"Do they listen to you respectfully?"

"Yes, General, and some of them remain to pray, as Goldsmith put it."

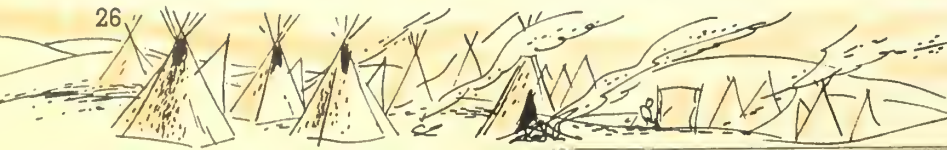
And so, with a "blanket" Indian of warrior age, Father Aloysius set out up the lake in a large birch bark canoe loaded down with bags of food, while a tense crowd of several hundred watched from the Indian Agency landing at Walker.

TWO DAYS later the crowd, which seemed much larger than the thousand souls comprising the population of Walker, was on hand to watch the arrival of Father Aloysius and his Indian companion. Most of them had not expected they would see the priest alive again. They brought back an elderly Chippewa in the red blanket of a chief, identified for me by my friend Flying Dove as the chief of the council, Gaywayjewaybenung. He went on, "See his four feathers? That's four scalps taken in battle. He is the great voice in the high council."

After making his report to General Bacon, Father (Continued on page 51)



"Will those pagans listen to you, a Christian priest?" asked the general





U. S. Sergeant in Germany. Any Legionnaire can tell what he's saying for it's the same old Army, no matter how you slice it

TODAY'S FRONT LINE GIs

In Germany thousands of American soldiers live in a small world to which few strangers have access. In this trouble spot, here is how the troops live, work and play

HERE, AND ON the next two pages, are American soldiers in Germany. A sword hangs over their heads which could fall while these pictures are on the presses, to bequeath America another Corregidor. Meanwhile, in tenuous peace, our GIs who inhabit the world's hottest spot are smart, military and "never had it so good."

The American soldier has always been an oddity in Europe, and these GIs in Frankfurt are no exception. Although every inch military men, they cannot lose from their personal bearing the ease, relaxation and air of individuality which grows in free men from boyhood and which many an American general has found an asset in battle. The man



The Black Guard of Honor, General Clay's ceremonial experts, give WAC parade its full and undivided, "Attention!"



1. Bleacherites lend typical American vocal support to one of the many baseball games. The British call this "urging" and think it isn't cricket



2. At entrance to "American town" in Frankfort, Military Police man the gates to the U.S. area. GIs as well as generals may have cars

fits well into the ranks, but looks like somebody himself.

European observers say that the discipline of the easy-going American soldiers is a striking contradiction, less "martial" but as effective as any in Europe. The GI impresses the European as being more like a civil servant than a soldier, in marked contrast to the old Prussians and the rest of the European military image.

In the rubble of Berlin and Frankfort, the riches of America are more noticeable than at home. The GI in Frankfort began this fall without wanting any of the comforts of home. He had his American food, his snack bar, his shops, where he could get anything from razor blades to shoes, suits, radios or refrigerators.

He had his newspapers, dance-halls, libraries, movies.

His wife had her hairdressers' shops, ample groceries, perhaps a car.

His children had playgrounds and schools.

Frozen meat and fruits came from home, fresh milk and vegetables from Denmark.

The German occupation deal is a well-organized sweating-out from every angle—personal or military.



3. No wedding this. Co-eds of American school in Frankfort have graduated and celebrated by electing king and queen, cutting big cake



4. War Two vets who cashed discharge points in a hurry missed the luxury of this Army Captain who, like many, has his family abroad with him



5. The GI who tells a German he's going kegling is understood. In German bowling is "das Kegelspiel," tenpin alleys are "die Kegelbahn"



6. One thing that never changes in the Army is Saturday morning inspection, and every barracks-soldier is his own wife. Electric flatirons help



7. Press releases claim that this is what the soldier does in his spare time. Perhaps, when no other diversion is to be found



8. WACs of New Guinea vintage will recognize improvement in WAC standard of living as shown by these Frankfort Army gals in their quarters



9. Every morning the school bus picks up these children of GIs in Frankfort, brings them to this Army-sponsored elementary school



10. When the Missus goes a-shopping at the commissary she gets a little wire wagon, takes what she needs from the shelves, and ... Aw! It's a supermarket



11. Part of the I. G. Farben building in Frankfort has been made into a soldiers' snack bar. Two GIs in foreground have dated frauleins

WILDERNESS FURY

(Continued from page 13)

the crows about the stub, but he gave most of his attention to that place from which he thought the hunter would approach. The fact that he was already alert saved him from the mad bull's final savage rush.

So softly did the elk come that the grizzly was entirely unaware of his presence until a stray breeze blew from the bull to him. That breeze carried its own horrible tale of the fever and rage in the great bull's body—a heat and anger far more intense than any bull should ever exude if all he sought was a mate. Even as the squirrel had recognized it, so did the bear, and at once he fled.

Ordinarily he was not afraid of elk; often he had fed upon them. But this bull was not one of the elk to which the grizzly was accustomed. It was something else, something the bear had never encountered before, and he knew he must recoil. But the bear did not run blindly, or in the slightest degree give way to panic. As he ran, the grizzly's razor-sharp mind formed a plan.

Now that the bull was near another victim he again abandoned caution and pounded madly along, his heavy hooves drumming on the hard earth. The grizzly ran fast, but unexcitedly, and he gauged the nearness of the bull by the sound of its hooves. The grizzly wrinkled his nose, for he smelled the odors that clung to the bull's hooves and antlers and he knew the hunter was dead.

The dry grasses rippled and the twigs and branches on the trees swung gently back and forth as the wind sighed through them. The air moaned a dolorous song, as though it was saddened by the many violent things that could take place here in the wilderness, and the grizzly came to the base of the steep, raked butte toward which he had been running.

His mighty front claws hooked a ledge. He drew himself up, pulling with his front legs and pushing with his back ones as he climbed farther. Bits of stone and dislodged pieces of earth fell to rattle against the hard ground. The grizzly reached a high ledge, and turned to look.

Mane bristled, lips drawn back from stained tusches, and eyes still blazing madness, the bull stood beneath him. The elk reared, cleverly and cunningly, slapping out with both front hooves as he strove to reach the grizzly. He raked with his antlers, but all he could touch was the unyielding and uncaring side of the butte. Long parallel scratches gaped where the bull scraped his antlers across the steep incline, and the elk shook his head to dislodge the dirt that fell upon it. He drew back and, again and again, charged insanely at the butte. It was as though, in his madness, he would smash it down and get at the thing which had eluded him.

The grizzly watched calmly. Ordinarily, if he had thus retreated, he would have climbed back down and offered battle to his besieger. Usually elk were timid things, hard to catch but good to eat,

and the grizzly thought he could kill this bull.

He refrained for two reasons. In the first place, he could not understand the bull's abnormality, and because he could not he was wary of it. In the second place, the grizzly knew the damage the bull's heavy antlers could do. He would have fought even then if it were not for the fact that he knew this bull was not like other elk. He understood the battle tactics normally employed by a bull, and how to parry those attacks, but this bull would not fight in the usual manner. Since almost anything could be expected no plan of battle would be a sure thing.

The bull drew back and for a moment was quiet. Then he charged furiously, driven to new spasms because he could not reach the grizzly. He reared, pawing at the butte, and dropped to scrape it with his antlers. Then he crouched with his fore-quarters near the ground and his antlers against the butte. The great muscles in his neck strained; he shoved with his back and legs as though he would push the butte down by sheer, mad force.

Suddenly he leaped away, whirled, and searched into the breeze that whimpered up the valley. The bear on the steep butte was forgotten.

There was something at hand, and even while the mad bull planned to stalk and kill that thing he knew that it could not escape him or go any place where he would be unable to follow. The impartial wind, that may be either the best friend or the treacherous enemy of any wild thing, had carried to him the scent of more elk.

Translating the story in the wind, the mad bull knew that another bull with two cows was only a little way down the valley. Though it was the height of the mating season, the bull's madness obliterated the fact that here were mates which were his if he could take them. He felt only the urge to kill. Once again, stalking soft-footed, creating not a whisper of sound, the bull faded into the trees, foolishly forgetting the bear.

He crept through the timber, crouching when he went under low-hanging

branches so that even his antlers would not rattle and betray his approach. The bull stopped, neck stretched and nose wrinkled while he reaffirmed the presence of the other elk. They had not moved, and the mad bull resumed his stalk.

The gray-boled hardwoods were leafless, but so close together and so heavily-branched that only dim light was able to filter through the maze of twigs to the forest floor. Then, just ahead, the mad bull saw a patch of sunlight that betrayed another little forest meadow. It was surrounded by trees, and still silently the bull slunk up to and looked around a huge beech. He stood a moment, motionless as a frozen thing, while he craftily studied the unsuspecting elk in the meadow.

At the far end, two cows cropped jerkily at the frozen grass. Occasionally they raised their heads and glanced nervously about; they expected the arrival of another bull to challenge the one into whose keeping they had given themselves. Smaller than the mad elk, the bull stood away from the cows. His head was up. Every nerve and muscle was alert. He, too, expected another bull who would try to take his harem, and he wanted to be ready.

Still silently, too devilishly cunning to reveal himself until that was essential, the mad bull advanced into the meadow. He was still thirty yards from the quarry he stalked when the other bull saw him.

For a second he stared fixedly. He swung a nervous head to glance at the cows, and looked back at the mad bull. The young bull, too, sensed something terrible in this challenger who had appeared from nowhere, and he was afraid. Again he glanced back at his cows. Then he prepared to defend them.

Head lowered, antlers forward, the mad bull flung himself forward. His great hooves seemed to bite chunks out of the earth; killing lust swelled within him. But his cunning did not desert. He had looked the smaller bull over and knew he could kill it. Then he would kill the cows.

They came together in the center of the meadow, and the hollow, loud crack

GENERAL MISCHIEF

By S. B. STEVENS



of antler against antler echoed away into the forest to tell everything within a mile that two bull elk were fighting. Even the sound seemed to tell of the madness of one bull and the desperation of the other.

For a moment, heads bent and necks straining, they stood still. Inevitably the mad bull's superior weight and strength made itself felt. The smaller bull yielded a step, then another one. He braced himself, but knew both that he must yield again and that he could not hope to defeat the mad bull. In sudden panic he turned to run.

He was too late. The mad bull put his head very near the ground and snapped it upward. Pointed antlers sank deep into the other's belly, and as though it were controlled by a faucet that was suddenly opened wide, blood began to gush. It painted the frozen earth, the withered grasses, and the mad bull's antlers. The smaller creature took five faltering steps and strove mightily to stay on his feet. Slowly, as though the earth was a very soft bed onto which he must lower himself very gradually, the small bull fell on his side. He flung his head up once.

Now the mad bull's madness became a surging and uncontrollable flood. He must kill, and after he had killed he must rage over his victim. Tear it to bloody bits, stamp it into the earth, do everything he could to erase the fact that it had ever lived. Savagely he began to attack the dead elk, thrusting with his antlers and pounding with his hooves. So sadistically fascinating was the task that, while he was about it, he was unaware of anything else.

Certainly he was unaware of the grizzly, the wise and head-swinging grizzly who had learned so long ago that, if any wild thing hoped to live, it must always be cautious and reasonable. Watching it from the butte, the grizzly had decided that the mad bull must do some foolish thing that would make it easy prey. When the bull departed, the grizzly slipped from the butte and followed it. Now, very softly, he stalked in. Once beside the mad bull he rose on his hind legs and, as carefully as a butcher calculates the exact spot at which he must strike an ox, the grizzly chose the exact place to strike the mad bull. His sledge-hammer paw rose and fell. The mad bull felt one split second of swift pain. Then the madness faded from his eyes and he was dead.

The grizzly squatted on his haunches beside the two dead elk. Now all his problems were solved. Here was meat in plenty, more than enough to pad his sides with all the fat necessary to last him through his long winter's sleep. Not again this year would he have to move from the meadow. As though he was inviting them to leave, the grizzly looked at the two cows.

They tossed their heads uneasily, and looked from each other to the grizzly. Then, slowly, they moved into the forest.

Certainly there would be more bulls waiting.

THE END

HE STOLE A MILLION

(Continued from page 21)

gleefully pulling a bluff whenever he could. Long before the ship docked, Donnelly had decided that King was to be cut down to size.

There came a time when King picked up the hand he had been expecting. Four aces, and Donnelly was dealing. The detective knew that either one of the top two cards would fill Donnelly's straight flush.

King opened, Donnelly raised, and King tapped himself. The swindler

he liked the life of a trans-oceanic gambler too much to surrender it easily. After mulling the situation over he came up with a new twist and bounced right back to the top of the heap. For his revised swindle Donnelly needed a partner. He approached Victor Lustig, con man extraordinary, proposed an alliance, and met with a flat refusal. "You're hotter than a two buck pistol," Lustig said. "Get hep. You're through as a paper sailor on a crosslift."

Donnelly laughed. "Big business concerns spend millions to get their names known. I've gotten national publicity for free. And you tell me I'm through! I'm going to cash in on all the advertising."

This angle hadn't occurred to Lustig. He listened while Donnelly talked. When the scheme had been fully outlined, Lustig smiled and stuck out his hand. "I'm in," he said.

Aubrey Stevens, Manhattan socialite, was the first victim of the combine. European titles, genuine or otherwise, fascinated Stevens. So it was that, on a trip to the Bahamas, he went out of his way to secure an introduction to Count Victor Lustig, a fellow passenger. Soon Lustig and Stevens were boon drinking companions.

One night Lustig indicated a man seated at one of the card tables. "Know who that is?" he queried.

Stevens admitted ignorance and Lustig explained. "Stewart Donnelly, notorious gambler. You know—Straight Flush Donnelly."

Having spent much time abroad Stevens hadn't heard, so Lustig retold the tale. Then he carelessly added: "I pulled the same stunt on him once and won ten thousand."

"You did," exclaimed Stevens. "Why not do it again?"

"I couldn't," demurred the phony Count. "He'd recognize me and wouldn't fall. But you could do it." As though the thought had just occurred to him, Lustig repeated: "You could do it, all right. If you're willing I'd like to cut in. We'll both put up five thousand and you sit in the game."

Not averse to picking up some easy money, Stevens agreed. Shortly he was sitting opposite Donnelly. The ten thousand in front of him made Stevens the top money man. Less than an hour later he picked up four Aces. True to form Donnelly raised and re-raised.

When the entire ten thousand was in the center, Stevens smugly asked for two cards. He drew the six and jack of diamonds. Donnelly drew one and spread his hand. He had gone in with the seven, eight, nine and ten of diamonds and had drawn the four of diamonds. "Looks like my flush beats your three aces," he said, carefully stacking his winnings.

Stevens hurried back to his partner and explained how the plan had gone awry. "Think nothing of it," consoled Lustig. "I can afford to lose five thousand. Your friendship means more than that to me."

Such magnanimity was too much for Stevens. Tears came into his eyes. "You're



"Thing I miss most is going out for that second cup of coffee in the morning."

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

frowned. This wasn't orthodox. Usually the sucker waited till after the draw before tossing in the bankroll. However, if King was in such a hurry to get rid of his money, Donnelly was willing to oblige. He shoved in as much as was needed. Then the thunderbolt.

King looked at Donnelly, then at the deck. "I'll take two cards," he said, "and I want them from the top of the deck."

Too late Donnelly realized the trap had caught the trapper. Without a word he dealt the two cards and sat by helplessly while King spread his hand. "Three aces beat a busted flush," said the detective, and pulled in the pot.

At first Donnelly thought he had been outsmarted by another sharp but the next day he learned the truth. Everyone on board was talking about the tricky play and the way it had backfired. King intended to do with publicity what he couldn't do by law. If everyone knew the swindle then no one could be taken.

The card detective did a good job. Newspapers and magazines played up the story, radio commentators repeated the tale. Soon all America was chuckling, and learning.

The notoriety had the desired effect. Temporarily Donnelly was stymied. But

Mom Is Sick

A CARTOON SEQUENCE

BY GEORGE SMITH



a great guy," he said. "I'm sorry I let you down."

A con game where the victim apologizes to the swindler is really something. The firm of Lustig and Donnelly prospered mightily. Then Jack King stepped into the picture again. Whenever the two sharps boarded a ship, there was the card detective. On the second night out King would give a show in the ship's salon, demonstrating how card cheats worked and telling stories of their clever schemes. Always, without mentioning that the central characters were present, he told about the Donnelly case and the sequel. Naturally suckers were few and far between.

Eventually the duo confessed defeat and looked around for a new wrinkle. It wasn't long before Donnelly dreamed up a gyp game which con men everywhere hail as tops in skulduggery. Listen to the sad tale of a man whom we shall call Gustav Schmidt because that is not his name, a Wisconsin brewer who went for \$60,000 and never rumbled. Then Donnelly extorted another \$60,000 by threatening to call in the police. The hooks were put on so artistically that, unless he reads this and recognizes himself, Schmidt will go to his grave believing that he swindled Donnelly instead of vice-versa.

It all began in the palatial lobby of New York's Ritz-Carlton, where Donnelly was living in the costliest suite available. Ever on the lookout for potential victims, the instant the con man spotted the lonely looking brewer he knew he was a natural. Getting acquainted with strangers was Donnelly's forte. In a few hours the two were bosom pals. Then Donnelly suggested a round of the hot spots. Eager for excitement, the brewer assented.

Excusing himself for a moment, Donnelly phoned his partner. "Get set," he said, "I'm lugging a mark to the Sans Jeans."

After visiting a few of New York's better cabarets, Donnelly steered his prospect to Legs Diamond's notorious sucker-trap, the Sans Jeans. The headwaiter, who had played a minor role in many previous swindles, knew what to do. Just as he was seating the two men at a ringside table "Count" Lustig made a spectacular entrance. Standing in the doorway, monocle firmly fastened in one eye, surveying the room with a look of utter disdain, he really looked the aristocrat.

Nudging Schmidt, the headwaiter indicated the bogus nobleman, and in a tone properly awestruck, said: "That's Count



Victor Lustig. Owns an estate in Europe bigger than New York." Then he departed to seat the newcomer.

Schmidt twisted around in his chair so he could see better, and Donnelly dangled the bait. "I know Count Lustig," he said. "Met him in Paris a few years ago."

"Is that so? Could you introduce me? I'd like to tell the boys in Wisconsin I met a real Count."

Just then the headwaiter, as per schedule, escorted Lustig to an adjoining table. In no time at all Donnelly had persuaded him to make it a threesome.

The spurious Count and the naive mid-Westerner got along famously. They conversed in German, paying little attention to Donnelly. All of which was according to plan.

For the next ten days Donnelly dropped out of the picture while Lustig readied the mark and gathered the necessary information. A retired brewer, Schmidt owned considerable real estate in Wisconsin. More important, he had \$30,000 on deposit in a New York bank.

For his part the Count revealed that he was a political exile, having barely escaped Rumania with his life. His vast estate had been confiscated by the state. Financially however, he was all set, due to a marvelous invention bequeathed to him by a professor whose life he had once saved.

What was the invention? Whenever Schmidt mentioned that delicate subject, Lustig talked about something else. His curiosity aroused by this evasiveness, Schmidt determined to uncover the mystery. One night he deliberately got Lustig

drunk—or so he thought—and escorted him home. And again he asked the sixty-four dollar question: "What is this wonderful invention?"

Seemingly loose-tongued from too much drink, the Count handed over a dozen one hundred dollar bills. "Anything wrong with them?" he asked.

Schmidt examined the notes carefully, shook his head. "Nothing wrong," he replied.

"Just as good as any issued by the government," boasted Lustig. "Only difference is, I made 'em myself."

"You mean you're a counterfeiter?"

"Oh, no. Nothing unlawful. It's my in-



vention." So saying, Lustig reeled to the closet and produced a suitcase.

Unlocking the suitcase Lustig took out a small metal container. An oblong plate, studded with tiny air holes, formed the lid. There was a set screw in each corner.

From a desk the Count got ten sheets of paper cut to the size of a banknote. He laid a one hundred dollar bill on the desk top, then a blank sheet, another century note, another blank sheet, and so on. The finished stack consisted of eleven one hundred dollar bills interleaved with ten sheets of blank paper.

Schmidt watched these preparations bug-eyed with wonder. Lustig had to divert his attention for a moment. "The chemical I need is on the top shelf in the closet," he said. "Could you get it for me?"

The brewer obliged. While he was thus engaged, the switcheroo went in. The mixed pile of paper and bills was swept into a drawer, twenty-one genuine hundred dollar bills substituted. When Schmidt returned with the bottle, apparently nothing had changed.

Placing the stack of bills in the tin box, Lustig tightened the lid and poured on a few drops of the magic fluid, which

seeped down through the minute vents. "It takes a little while for the stuff to work," he explained, "but in a few hours the chemical will have transformed the blank sheets into perfect banknotes."

Sure enough, several hours later, when the box was opened and the contents dried, there were twenty-one wet one hundred dollar bills. On Lustig's invitation the amazed brewer went with him while the Count took the crumbled notes to the bank and changed them for bills of lower denomination. When all were accepted without question by the bank teller, any doubts Schmidt may have had concerning Lustig's ability to manufacture perfect currency vanished completely.

For Lustig and Donnelly this was a critical moment. If the brewer didn't have larceny in his heart he would chill. The two conspirators were not left long in doubt. Although the victim possessed more of this world's goods than he could possibly use, he wanted more. Immediately he began scheming to cut himself a piece of the cake.

The Count made things easy. That night he revealed that he too had troubles. "I'm running out of the magic chemical," he said. "I only have enough for two more treatments. The only man who knows the formula is in Rumania. And if I go there, I'll be executed."

Opportunity had knocked, and Schmidt pounced. "Give me half the profits and I'll go to Rumania for you," he offered.

and must go to Canada this week-end to have it renewed." Then he propositioned: "Your friend, Stewart Donnelly, he's a rich man. Perhaps he'd put up thirty thousand."

Schmidt was none too anxious to bring anyone else in on such a good thing but Lustig insisted. And so it was that Donnelly got the phone call for which he had been patiently waiting. A half hour later he was in the Count's hotel room.

Lustig related what had happened, hinted that Donnelly would be a welcome partner. It was Schmidt who, impatient to get started, asked point blank: "Would Donnelly furnish thirty one-thousand dollar bills if he was guaranteed forty thousand in return?"

Donnelly pretended indignation. "Do you really expect me to believe that fairy tale?" he scoffed. "A magic chemical that makes perfect banknotes! That's the funniest pipe dream I ever heard."

"He's telling the truth," asserted Schmidt heatedly. "I saw him do it. We took the bills to the bank and the cashier said they were as good as gold."

"If that's so why don't you put up all the money? Why call on me?"

The brewer explained that lack of time prevented him from going to Wisconsin and getting the entire sixty thousand. For an hour the argument continued, Schmidt and Lustig trying to break down Donnelly's scepticism. This was excellent con-game psychology. The more the sucker tried to convince others the more he convinced himself.

At last Donnelly gave in. "Okay," he told Schmidt. "I'll put up the thirty thousand. But I'm only doing it because of your reputation. If it were anyone else I'd suspect a gyp game." Then he added an extremely important touch: "I'll pick you up at the hotel tomorrow morning and we'll go to the bank together."

the sucker out of withdrawing his money. Donnelly didn't want that to happen, not when he had roped in such a juicy chump.

The next morning, at the bank, Donnelly made out a withdrawal slip for thirty thousand dollars. "Give me this in thousand dollar bills," he requested. The teller started the usual objections but was cut short. "I need the money to protect some stocks I own," said Donnelly. He got it.

Outside he explained to Schmidt why he had lied. "He'd think I was crazy if I told him the truth. Take my advice and use the same story. Say you're playing the market."

That night the trio gathered in Lustig's room. Again the Count prepared the stack of bills, interleaving sixty one-thousand dollar banknotes with blank sheets of paper. Again Schmidt was asked to get the wonder-working chemical and again the stack of bills was switched. But with a difference. Before, when Lustig had changed the stack, he had substituted genuine bills for the worthless paper, now the process was reversed. When Schmidt returned with the bottle the only genuine banknote was the one on top. All the rest were blank sheets of paper.

Carefully, Lustig placed the stack in the metal box and clamped down the lid. Just as carefully he spread on a few drops of the mystic liquid.

"How long is this going to take?" Donnelly asked.

"About six hours," replied the Count.

"Why be so stingy with that stuff? If you use more, maybe it wouldn't take so long."

Lustig shook his head. "Might cause an explosion. This chemical forms a gas which expands rapidly. That's why I add just a few drops at a time."

This wasn't just pointless conversation. It was all for the sucker's bene-



Lustig needed no coaxing. "It's a deal," he said.

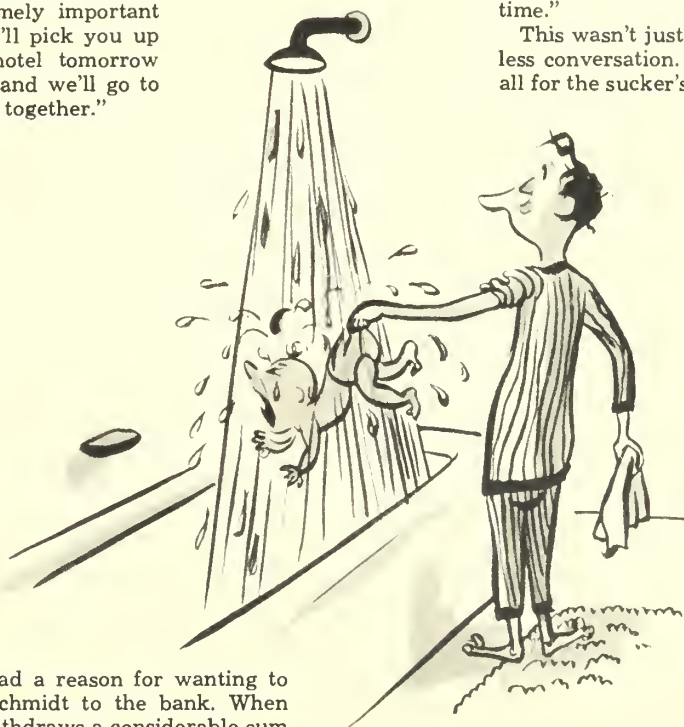
No sooner was Schmidt a full fledged partner than he made a suggestion. "Why reproduce hundred dollar bills when it's just as easy to make thousand dollar bills?" he asked.

"I never thought of that," admitted the Count. "I can make sixty bills at once, so I'll need sixty thousand dollars. Where can I get that kind of money?"

"I can get it within a week," said Schmidt. "I have thirty thousand here and could raise the rest in Wisconsin."

"I can't wait that long," objected Lustig. "I'm in this country on a visitor's permit

Donnelly had a reason for wanting to accompany Schmidt to the bank. When a depositor withdraws a considerable sum in cash the teller usually tries to dissuade him; wants to know what the difficulty is; suggests a check would be safer; and so on. Many a well rigged swindle has gone on the rocks because the bank talked



(Cartoon continued on next page)



fit. The swindlers were laying the groundwork for the blowoff which came a few hours later. Lustig, who had been taking care of the box, complained of a headache. He handed the bottle to the brewer. "I'm going to lie down for a while," he said. "Take care of things. Just add a few drops every fifteen minutes."

Shortly thereafter he was snoring gently, apparently enjoying the sleep of the just. Came time for Schmidt to pour on a wee bit of the fluid. He up-ended the bottle, shook it gently, and recoiled in surprise as the rubber stopper fell out. Before he could right the vial, a goodly portion of the supposedly dangerous liquid had spilled onto the box.

"What the hell are you doing?" shouted Donnelly. Grabbing the box he turned it upside down, apparently to drain off the excess fluid. In reality, reversing the box released another chemical which caused the paper inside to catch fire. Curlicues of smoke escaped through the ventholes.

"Count! Count! Get up," shouted Donnelly. Lustig, bleary-eyed as though awakened from a deep slumber, jerked upright. Seeing the smoke he snatched the box, raced into the bathroom, tossed the container into the tub, and turned on the faucet. Back he rushed into the room, slammed the door, and dived under the bed. Schmidt and Donnelly took the hint and did likewise.

A few minutes passed, a muffled boom, and the three crawled out from under. Schmidt was white and shaking, obviously frightened. When the box was retrieved it was a sorry mess. Lustig picked up the only piece remaining intact, the lid, and placed it on a shelf. He didn't want Schmidt to see the banknote clinging to the other side. The brewer might have wondered how it had escaped the fire since he had no way of knowing it had been treated with an asbestos solution.

This evidence disposed of, the Count turned on Donnelly with simulated fury. "Of all the fools I've ever met, you're tops. You heard me say not to pour on too much." Apparently losing control of himself he swung, and caught Donnelly on the point of the jaw.

Donnelly put up his hands as though to fight back, then seemingly thought better of it. Backing away, he fended off Lustig's blows, meanwhile explaining: "I didn't do it. It was Schmidt. He shook the bottle too hard and the stopper fell out."

Hearing this Lustig turned as though to vent his anger upon the hapless brewer. Donnelly leaped on his back, pinioned his arms. "Fighting isn't going to do any good," he warned. "Let's talk this over. Maybe there's some way we can get the money back."

At last the Count calmed down, consented to listen to reason. They adjourned to the hotel coffee-shop for a bite to eat.

So far Donnelly and Lustig had defrauded Schmidt of \$30,000. Many con men would have given the brewer the

and for the third time Lustig juggled the bills. When the box had been prepared, Donnelly took charge. "I'm taking no chances on another accident," he announced. "I'll handle the chemical myself."

For five hours they sat around, talking and napping. Every so often Donnelly added a few drops of the precious liquid. It was daylight before Lustig readied the stage for the finale. "I'm hungry," he complained. "Think I'll phone for some breakfast."

"Don't be a fool," Donnelly objected. "We can't have anyone coming in here just now."

"Okay. I'll go downstairs and eat. Anybody care to join me?"

"Not me," said Donnelly. "I've got thirty thousand dollars in that box and I'm not leaving this room until I get my money back."

Lustig glanced inquiringly at the brewer but he too refused. The Count shrugged into his topcoat and left. Unknown to Schmidt his thirty thousand, plus Donnelly's, reposed in the pocket of that coat.

When an hour had passed and Lustig hadn't returned, Donnelly pretended to get jittery. "Get the coffee shop on the phone and tell the Count to get a move on," he suggested. "It's about time to open the box."



brush-off, but these two had no intention of parting company with such a docile victim. Why go to all the trouble of selecting another sucker and building him up for the kill when they already had a Grade A mark?

During breakfast the trio made plans. Count Lustig, who had enough chemical for one more job, was to have another box made. Then he was to go to Canada to straighten out his visa trouble. Schmidt was to return to Milwaukee and get another thirty thousand dollars. Stewart Donnelly once again agreed to come in for a like amount.

They agreed that in a week they would meet in Lustig's room to recoup their losses using the last of the chemical. Further profits would have to wait until Schmidt had journeyed to Rumania for another supply of the mysterious liquid.

There's nothing like the eagerness of a sucker with the hooks in. One week before the appointed time Schmidt was back, loaded.

At last the big night arrived. Once more Schmidt got the bottle from the closet,



Schmidt did as requested. "He's not there," he reported. "He hasn't been there all night."

"I don't like this," said Donnelly. "I'm going to open the box and make sure my money is still there."

"Don't be so impatient or you'll spoil everything. I tell you I saw Lustig make real one hundred dollar bills."

"If he made them, they couldn't be real," observed Donnelly. "Even if they

fooled a bank teller, they would still be counterfeits. If anything goes wrong we're liable to be in trouble with the law."

Schmidt was plenty worried, never having thought of this angle before. When Donnelly again suggested that they open the box, the brewer concurred. With fumbling fingers he unscrewed the lid. His face sagged, his hands shook violently, as he lifted out, not a stack of currency but a soggy mass of paper.

"Just as I thought, it's a swindle," Donnelly yelled. Grabbing the genuine bill on top and throwing the rest into the wastebasket, he picked up the phone. "Get me Police Headquarters," he said. Since his thumb was holding the receiver down, no one heard.

No one but Schmidt, that is. He snatched the phone, replaced it on the table. "We can't tell the police," he wept. "Just as you said, we'd be arrested for counterfeiting."

"I'll let my lawyer worry about that," snorted Donnelly. "No one takes me for sixty thousand without a squawk. First you pull that fake accident—that cost me thirty grand. Then that phony Count you've been palsy-walsy with beats it with another thirty thousand. I wouldn't be surprised but what you two are in cahoots. You probably framed the whole thing."

Again he reached for the phone, again Schmidt stopped him.

"Wait a minute, please," he pleaded. "I swear I didn't have anything to do with this. I'm in just as deep as you are. But I can't afford to have the police called in. The publicity would ruin me, and my

family too. Let's hunt for Lustig ourselves."

"Nothing doing," refused Donnelly. "Someone's got to make good my losses."

"All right," said Schmidt. "Forget the police and I'll give you a check for sixty thousand. Inside of ten days I'll have enough in the bank to cover it."

Donnelly hesitated as though thinking the offer over, then nodded. "Okay, give me the check. But the cash better be there on time or the cops will get the whole story."

Quickly the brewer scribbled his signature on a personal check, apparently fearful that Donnelly might change his mind. In return he got some sage advice. "I wouldn't take this," Donnelly lied, "except for the fact that you talked me into this deal. In the future don't be so trusting with every stranger you meet."

The law never touched Donnelly for that particular swindle, but it did catch up with him for subsequent ones. He spent his illgotten gains in an unsuccessful attempt to stay out of jail.

Today, having served his time, the king of the tricksters is a free man. He travels about the country lecturing. His subject: "You can't swindle an honest man."

He speaks about himself with engaging frankness. "I'm a reformed crook," he says. "I'm retired, but I'm not repentant. I never swindled an honest man, nor one who couldn't afford it. Never try to get something for nothing and you'll never be victimized."

That one sentence just about wraps everything up, doesn't it? THE END

CONFESSIONS OF A CONTEST JUDGE

(Continued from page 17)

and girls really go to it. The most entered by one contestant was 500, mailed to us during a recent contest by an Ohio housewife. She donated \$5 to the good cause being served by that particular contest, but made me really get it the hard way by enclosing a penny with every letter. In all 500 epistles, this woman managed to repeat all the bromides with which I had been bombarded. It was a bibliography of corn.

The largest single entry was a 12-page

letter from a woman in Tennessee relating a tale of woe involving her domestic troubles. My heart bled for the poor lady, but I had to throw out her bid for fame because it was slightly more than the 25-word limit.

The average donation with a contest entry is 70 cents. Top money our agency has ever received is \$1000. Once we opened an unregistered letter, stamped merely with the three-cent variety, and two crisp \$100 bills fell out. When you

consider that we—and the post office—handled in excess of \$600,000 in the Mrs. Hush contest, which started in February, 1947, over \$770,000 in Miss Hush which started last November, and a million-and-a-half in the Walking Man contest which began a month later, you must admit that honesty is not entirely a lost virtue.

A good many contestants figure that judging contests is either cut-and-dried or less-than-thorough, but take it from this old contest warhorse, every single entry is carefully considered. We look for sincerity, originality and aptness. Our preliminary readers, after getting huge stacks of letters opened by operators, read for eliminating factors. Operators, by the way, are people who do nothing but open other people's mail all day long. The first thing that eliminates an entrant is clichés and alleged humor that often has obscene connotations. That first stage finds ineligibles tossed out, too. America is learning fast, though—our initial contests found 80 percent ineligible, but in the last one we ran the figure was down to 40 percent.

NEXT, the junior judges take over and set aside entries with the slightest merit; then senior judges narrow down the field considerably until executive judges make final decisions. As an executive judge, I have to be a walking encyclopedia to avoid plagiarism. A Louisville businessman was going strong when a line he had submitted strongly stirred my memory. I looked it up and sure enough, he had lifted the beautiful words from Gilbran's "The Prophet."

Omar Khayyam takes quite a beating, and the Bard of Avon, Willie Shakespeare, comes in for his share of piracy. Another oft-quoted literary giant is that Bard of Broadway, Walter Winchell. When he said in his column, "It is better to support this cause than have crutches supporting our children," an avalanche of entries descended upon my helpless head imploring us "not to let crutches support our children."

As regularly as the landlord collects the rent, we get letters in every contest signed by "My Daddy" and written with a laborious scrawl, studiously misspelled. Just as often we receive entries from "little kids," who say they're just seven years old, with scholarly stuff that would choke an Einstein. I guess these might have been good if I could have understood the words!

Then there's always the guy who writes, "We should all support the American Heart Association because, brother, I could sure use the prizes."

Perhaps it's my bachelor sense-of-humor that makes me chuckle when sad letters inevitably come in from husbands begging us to end the blankety-blank contest so their wives will get back to washing dishes instead of cluttering up the place with contest entries.

You'd be surprised at the hundreds of ornate, highly artistic entries we receive—only slightly less impressive than the Nebraska lady and her dragon. These represent thousands of man-or-woman hours of labor. It is worth noting that the final winner in a recent huge contest emerged scrawled in pencil on a humble piece of scratch paper!

THE END



REPORT FROM HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 25)

bought the film rights to Ike Eisenhower's memoirs *Crusade In Europe* . . . Selena Royle, movie-radio actress, has completed the first of a group of low-cost houses selling to vets for \$3,500 which we think is a fine way for stars to invest their big salaries . . . Jules Munshin, ex-GI who won the Donaldson Award last year as the outstanding young comedian in New York, has a part in *Easter Parade* . . . Paul Lees, one of the most decorated of Marines, whose career was launched a few months after his release by MacArthur forces from three years of Jap imprisonment, will soon be seen in Paramount's *Sorrowful Jones*, the Bob Hope picture.

Jack Searl, once famed as the nastiest boy on the screen (his roles, I mean) is now 26, married, a father and a vet of four and a half years in the Army. He got his first break as the "heavy" in *Beyond Glory* and hopes that will get him going again . . . Wallace Beery and daughter Carol Ann, who spent the summer in Europe, made it a point to visit nearly every spot where American soldiers are stationed . . . Robert A. Davis, young Mobile Negro actor who served as a first lieutenant in the Army and has since been a GI student at UCLA here, will make his film debut in Humphrey Bogart's *Knock On Any Door*. Bogart spotted him in a university play and signed him for the role of "Sunshine," a Skid Row character in the Willard Motley story.

. . . U-I's second annual Univet Club Fiesta was held recently for 200 studio vets and their guests with lots of entertainment and barbecued meat . . . Dewey Robinson, actor-Legionnaire, is one of the more active anti-subversive workers in town.

* * *

Cecil B. DeMille is making another one of his "superstupendous epics." This time it is *Samson and Delilah* based upon Chapters 13 to 16 of the Book of Judges and to be filmed in part in Casablanca. Hedy Lamarr will play Delilah, Victor Mature will be Samson, Phyllis Calvert (English star) is Semadar and George Sanders has the role of Saran . . . Alfred Hitchcock's *Under Capricorn* finally got underway in London with Ingrid Bergman and Joseph Cotten in the cast . . . Peter Lorre, Franchot Tone and Charles Laughton will be teamed in *The Man On The Eiffel Tower* which is being made in Paris . . .

* * *

Our color department, with emphasis on red: William D. Browne, Oregon chairman of the Legion's Americanism Commission and a member of the Portland police department, says he has an affidavit signed by a communist leader stating that Hollywood collections for the communist party average \$32,000 a week . . . R. E. Combs, chief counsel for the California Senate Fact-Finding Committee on Un-American Activities, tells me that, as far as the West is concerned, California, Washington and Arizona are the only States with official government committees to weed out the reds. Combs, inci-

dentally, is a fearless man and is really digging up the facts . . . Rep. Edward Hebert of Louisiana, member of the House Un-American Activities Committee, charges that an active communist has been given television and frequency modulation permits in Pennsylvania and Ohio. So maybe some attention should also be given to radio. There are a couple of commentators out here who might be questioned. I have their names if Mr. Hebert is interested . . . Some time ago it looked as if Hollywood would break out in a rash to film a lot of red-exposing films, and I so reported. Now it appears, for reasons I am unable to learn, that none may be filmed. For instance, it appears that *Confessions of a Communist* and *Portrait of An American Communist*, both of which were scheduled, will be ditched. Which leaves *The Iron Curtain* as the only real film account of the red menace. It seems to me that if the motion picture industry, which has been the target for so much criticism in this field, really is against communism in all its forms and really wants to weed out the reds, it could show its determination, and help educate the nation at the same time, by turning out films which will expose communism in all its nasty dealings. It has been charged, among other things, that communist writers have injected red philosophy into pictures. There is no better way to refute this than to bend over backward to expose the menace.

* * *

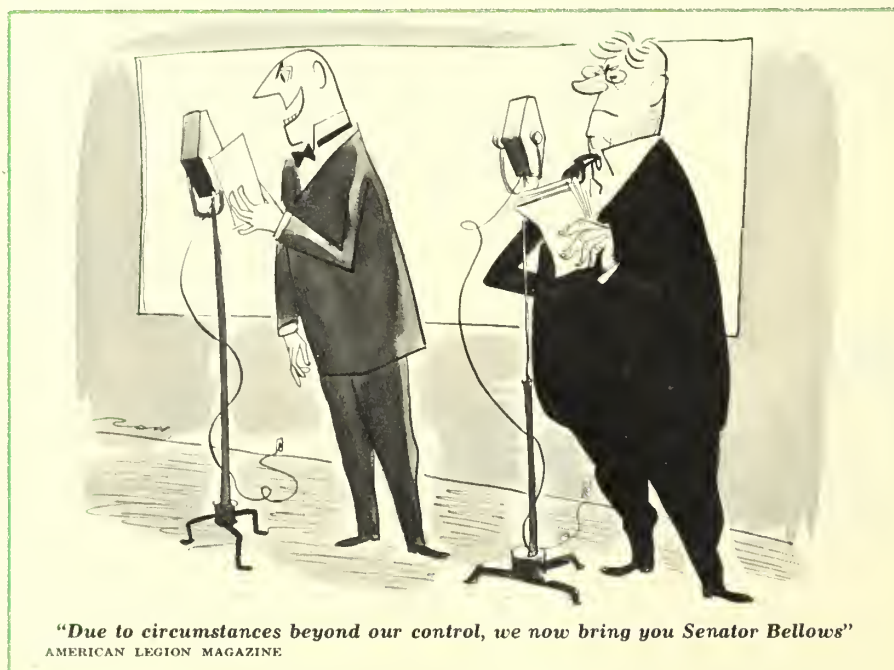
This business of stars entertaining hospitalized vets is tapering off to such a point that Edith Gwynn, whose column in the *Hollywood Reporter* packs a lot of weight in these parts, got her dander up to the point of telling 'em off. Her piece so well sums up the situation that I asked her for permission to pass it along in these columns to Legionnaires. She said, "Sure, go ahead" and here it is:

"We hate to keep harping on anything, especially when it's something that shouldn't need harping on in the first place, but this is for a reason so valid and

so important that, sohelpus, if those stars and starlets, or any players contacted in the future, fail to respond for less than a perfect reason, we're going to print their names for all to see. Joan Leslie, among others trying to do something good, went through Sawtelle and Birmingham hospitals the other day just to visit the wards, and the trouble that these places have in getting people to help them forget their misery for a few moments is worse than discouraging. Glenn Ford, Shirley Temple, Donald O'Connor, Eleanor Powell, too, are among those helping—but if others called upon can't help their fellow human beings who went to war, they might as well go crawl under a rock. One famous film couple, when asked to visit (it would have taken a whole two hours of their time!), merely hung up the phone! Others cancel at a moment's notice, leaving the patients with no Sunday 'treat visitor' at all. They must not be forgotten by you-all—nor their tragic plight. It will be a lousy way to have to urge local lights to do their post-war bit, but if we have to, we'll print an 'honor-roll' of those who help; and a list of those who refuse—strictly for the garbage department."

And then Miss Gwynn goes on to quote from a letter from a friend in the South Pacific:

"This true story happened the other day when I flew my crew to an island called Majuronia to film the men stationed on this lonely isle. They are here six months at a time and no one sees them, as they operate the outpost radar station. They said their only entertainment was when a plane flew in once a month with a movie and projector for ONE night. They said that for the last FOUR months they had seen four Van Johnson pictures. This was their reason, in their words, 'Just five months ago we were lying sick in Birmingham Hospital. Ours was just fatigue, but around us lots of guys were permanently bed-ridden. We were there for weeks, and constantly a guy named Van Johnson came around and made the rounds of the wards, cheering fellows up.



"Due to circumstances beyond our control, we now bring you Senator Bellows"
AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

He never failed to appear—even with the war over for three years—and he's still doing it. No, sir, when we see a picture it's got to be a Johnson picture—good or bad. He probably will never hear of this but it's our little way of showing our gratitude'."

* * *

The picture we recommend for November is MGM's *Command Decision*, a man's picture with war flavor with a cast the like of which the screen has never known: Clark Gable, Walter Pidgeon, Van Johnson, Brian Donlevy, Charles Bickford, John Hodiak, Michael Steele, Edward Arnold, Marshall Thompson, Clinton Sundberg and Cameron Mitchell. Note: no women. It's the most explosive story to come out of WW II. The tense and thrilling drama of a group of air-minded men who helped win victory for the Allies by striking a series of crippling blows at the enemy against almost overwhelming odds, this is the story which created a furore when published as a novel by William Wister Haines and reprinted in Reader's Digest and later became a Broadway play where it is still an outstanding hit.

Briefly, it's the story of one officer (Gable) determined to bomb three German jet plane plants while his superior officer (Pidgeon) is just as determined to postpone action for political reasons. When the latter is absent and Gable is in temporary command, Gable acts. There are great losses in planes and men and one serious error involving the wrong target. Gable is thus removed from command. But his successor (Donlevy), like Gable, realizes that the operation must be completed and proceeds to do so. Despite the losses, the enemy is deprived of the jet plane in WW II. Of particular interest to the vet is the role played by Edward Arnold as a Congressman visiting the scene of battle, and the efforts of Pidgeon to play politics all along the line. It is a strong plot, expertly cast, a masterful piece of acting on the part of all, excellent photography and, we believe, one of the best of all the war pictures made in the postwar period.

* * *

The entertainment business has its oddities. Not long ago Thomas Savage, 33-year-old Suffolk University instructor, tried to borrow \$500 from a Boston bank to meet household expenses. The loan was refused. He had only an unpublished novel as security. Now Columbia has bought that novel, *Lona Tanson*, for \$50,000... Charles Laughton was walking on his Palos Verdes estate when he stepped over a log and onto a rattlesnake. Instead of striking, the reptile raced into the underbrush. "I guess the snake just heard about Captain Bligh," grinned Laughton... Joanne Trunk, Miss America of 1931, is a waitress in the Warners' commissary... A scene in Warners' musical *Silver Lining* shows Will Rogers, Sr. (portrayed by Will Rogers, Jr.) talking to Marilyn Miller (portrayed by June Haver)... *June Bride*, the Warners film with Robert Montgomery and Bette Davis, needed a little pig with a curly tail. They found the pig but the tail didn't curl. So the property man taped the straight tail to a piece of wire, bent the



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wire to the required curl, and that was that . . . In addition to making money in pictures, it develops that Frank Capra makes a tidy sum each year in olives. He gets 7,000 gallons of olive oil from his California ranch each year . . . The barber shop on the balcony of Rothchild's — men's clothing shop in Beverly Hills — now has an individual telephone for each chair . . . Vacations seemed to interrupt schedules over a long period of time in MGM's cartoon department. So they solved the matter by giving everyone a vacation at the same time, thus interrupting things for only two weeks in the year . . . Usually they put wild animals in cages and leave men and women to run around as they please. But in the filming of Columbia's *Son of India* with Sabu, Gail Russell and Turhan Bey, they also put the cameramen, special effects men, etc., in small cages as extra precautions against danger in the filming of scenes involving lions, tigers and leopards . . . In filming pictures in and around Hollywood, nature sometimes causes no end of trouble. In the making of *The Big Cat* on a 9,000-foot mountain, Lon McCallister, Preston Foster and others developed nosebleeds, which delayed work. Beulah Bondi and others are still nursing poison oak which they got in underbrush scenes in a recent picture. And rattlesnake patrols are common in the making of desert pictures.

* * *

And they said the silent movie was gone forever!

A place called *The Movie* on Fairfax Avenue in Hollywood plays nothing but silents — and ancient ones at that. And it is packed every night. It's a tiny theatre seating 250, charges kids a nickel and adults two-bits (once it was only 11 cents). No double features. No canned music. No popcorn sold in the lobby. And the guy who runs it takes things seriously — will tolerate no making fun of the goings-on. The guest who does, and too boisterously, is asked to leave. He and his wife are the full staff, even live in an apartment in the theatre. The bill? Such thrillers as Lon Chaney in *Flesh and Blood*, a chapter of the Allene Ray serial *Sunken Silver*, *Birth of a Nation* and others featuring Doug Fairbanks, Sr., Mary Pickford, Harold Lloyd and the Gish sisters.

* * *

Americana: Walter Wanger expects to tap Americana for most of his future film subjects. So *Gallantly Gleaming*, a story of John C. Fremont; *Tulsa*, concerning the rise of the oil industry; and *Anne of the Indies*, about Anne Bonny, Charleston born pirate who operated between Nassau and the Carolinas, will be three of his forthcoming pieces. He's the man who made *Tap Roots*, an Americana piece now playing the theatres . . . Billy Wilkinson, local publisher, advises the powers-that-be to look to good old American pastimes — baseball, football, basketball, tennis, track, fishing, etc. — for subject matter. Says he, "This is a great country, and brother, we haven't even begun to tell all the stories that are part of America. We've told and re-told the grim stories of the mentally lost, the alcoholic and the criminal-minded. But the healthy, joyous

stories of contented American life, spent neither in Park Avenue triplexes, Palm Beach palaces, nor slum areas, need more telling."

* * *

Be sure and see *Neighbor to the North*, a 13-minute Paramount short made in Canada and explaining in layman's language the mechanism of Canadian-American trade and interpreting Canada's dollar problem in a film both entertaining and informative . . . Warners has turned over \$50,000 to the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund for Cancer Research, the profit from a 2-reel short *Power Behind The Nation* . . . A good idea: In Washington, Ind., motorists arrested on drunk driving charges, in addition to such fine or jail sentence as the judge might hand out, are required to see that John Nesbitt Passing Parade short *Drunk Driving* as a grim warning against mixing gasoline and alcohol . . . Corinne Griffith, once a screen lovely, is now dealing in Beverly Hills real estate . . . There will be no more Hardy Family pictures. Starting in 1937, fourteen of the Mickey Rooney-Lewis Stone films were made . . . Mel Blanc, the man of many voices on the radio and in cartoons, says he originated the zany Woody Woodpecker laugh which the song of that name uses, and he says he has been paid nothing for it. So he's suing the cartoon producer and the song publisher for \$520,000 . . . After the Carole Landis suicide from too many sleeping pills, folk around here are reminded that every once in a while there is an item in the press about someone being knocked out for the same reason. So docs are now a bit more cautious about handing out the pills in quantities . . . Uncle Remus is dead. James Baskett, 44, Negro actor who played the role and got an Oscar for it, died of a heart ailment. Not many knew that he was also the fast talking Gabby Gibson on the "Amos 'n' Andy" radio show . . . Harold Lloyd, whose *Mad Wednesday* is still being held up for release by Howard Hughes, is slated to become the imperial potentate of the Shriners next year . . .

THE END



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



More Than a Pipe Dream

When Ashley F. Ward was stationed in Texas with the Air Corps he spent his spare time building a better pipe lighter. He wanted a lighter that would put flame down into the bowl of his pipe, so he drew upon his pre-war knowledge of metal working and built one. Since his release from the Army, this new type of lighter, which he calls the "Nimrod," has made him a successful manufacturer.

The lighter is three inches long, has a cylindrical shape and a hole through the middle which acts as a chimney for the flame. This makes it windproof and also enables the pipe smoker to draw flame downward. The wick is made of fiber glass and cannot burn.

Ward personally built the first gross of lighters in his father's machine shop in Cincinnati, Ohio. He took them to New York and obtained enough orders to convince himself that the Nimrod would sell. Now he has a factory in Cincinnati that employs an average of 70 people and can turn out 2400 lighters a day.

This ex-soldier gambled his savings in promoting his new product but the results have convinced him that his idea was sound.

— BY GEORGE LAYCOCK

Airborne Haul-Away

If you want a personal plane delivered to Caracas, Venezuela, Nome, Alaska, or almost anywhere else in the Western Hemisphere, get in touch with Fly-A-Way Service, Inc., of Romulus, Michigan.

Fly-A-Way was organized about a year and a half ago by a group of ex-service pilots who decided that there was an opportunity for an organization which would deliver small planes by air to out-of-the-country purchasers.

President of the "airborne haul-away" company is Robert F. Townsend, veteran pilot whom the others claim was "flying at Randolph when Jimmy Doolittle was a second looie." His associates, Jerome Tuohy, Clark Strubar, Art Tarabusi, Bill Merkel and John Gager, were all birdmen in the past war.

Carrying out their avowed objective of "delivering new and used aircraft anywhere, as cheaply and quickly as possible" has involved flying Stinsons, Beechcrafts, Republic Seabees and Cessnas over high mountains, rough uninhabited terrain and areas still uncharted. Fly-A-Way pilots have delivered the small ships—designed for short hops—to El Salvador, Panama, Colombia, Venezuela, Canada, Alaska and Mexico.

The company furnishes the gas and oil, covers planes with all kinds of insurance, arranges clearances and landing permits, and takes the risk for delays due to weather and other unpredictable conditions. A flat charge is made for delivery.

The services performed by Fly-A-Way save both time and money for purchasers outside the United States. Ordinarily small planes destined for South America, for example, must be torn down, shipped by boat and re-assembled.

BY A. J. CUTTING

For Ladies Only

Edmund Straw, Cincinnati's first and only male designer of women's clothes, looks more like a quarter-back than a couturier, and actually, before serving in the army as a 1st sergeant with the 51st Field Artillery Battalion, Sixth Infantry Division, he was an auto mechanic.

His venture into the fashion world came almost by accident. His wife Shirley bought a hat; Edmund took one look at it and decided he could make a better one himself. Buying a plain black straw he decorated it with materials he found in a linen closet. The resulting creation was so



good it startled Edmund and Shirley into some serious thinking. The result was that Edmund enrolled in a school of fashion design.

Upon his graduation he opened a shop at his home. At first customers were few, but then came the deluge. Edmund had to hire two seamstresses for the plain sewing and finishing, though he still puts his creations together on his own sewing machine.

Early this year Edmund opened a small shop in the Lockwood Court Apartments, and added a line of costume jewelry, nylons and underthings. Eventually he hopes to have an elegant, streamlined salon where chic models will show his exclusive fashions.

Edmund sells his hats for \$15 and up, dresses from \$35, suits from \$50 and coats from \$75. No design is ever duplicated and the customer knows she will never see another "Edmund" just like it.

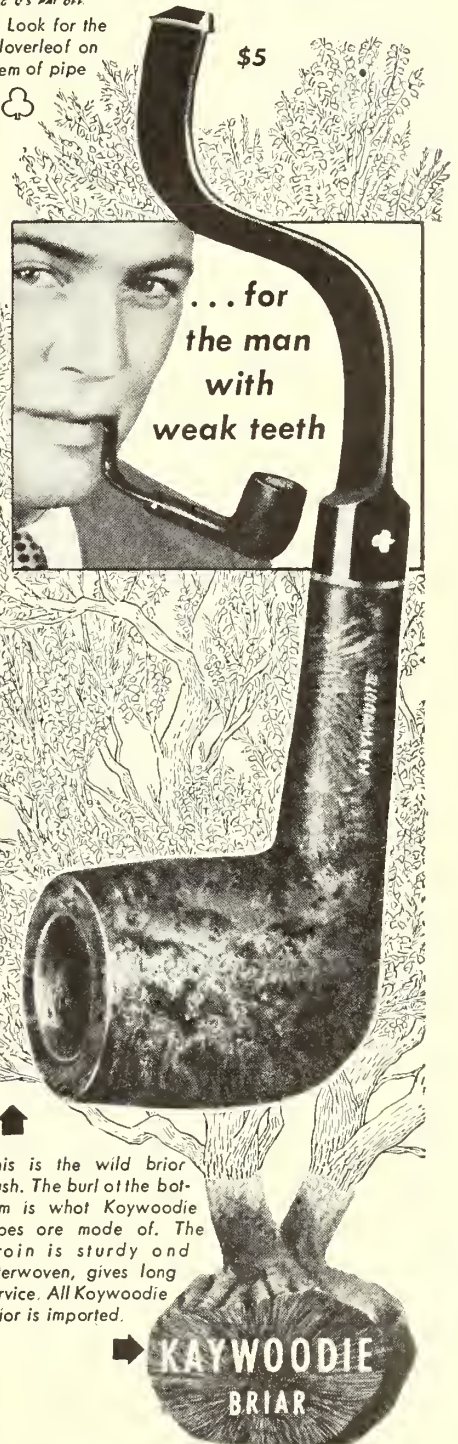
M. R. McHALE

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CAN YOU DEAL WITH THE VA?

(Continued from page 19)

reported, Mr. Cameron looked into the compensation cases of nine disabled veterans. The VA's rating board had decided to cut the compensation awards of these men. Mr. Cameron examined the records and pointed out to the men on the rating board that the medical examinations on which they had based their decisions were all inadequate. Whereupon the rating board reversed its decision and did not cut the compensation. "I just wonder," added Comrade Cameron, "what happens to the veteran who doesn't use a Service Officer." Unless the nine disabled veterans had granted the Legion power of attorney to act for them Comrade Cameron would have been without authority to inspect their records. The compensation cuts would have stuck.

Why does the VA make so many mistakes? Does Mr. Gray just lean back in his chair and plead guilty without doing anything about it? The Veterans Administration, The American Legion, the Congressional Committee on Veterans Affairs and many others are pecking away constantly at weak spots in VA policy and practice—but the job is enormous and the problems are endless. Many of the VA policies are sound, but are not practiced as intended in all offices. At the same conference between VA and Legion officials, Mr. Charles R. Farrington, Legion Department Service Officer from California, made the following edifying suggestion to Dr. Press of the VA:

"There are thirteen branches of the VA . . . They usually make thirteen different interpretations of Central Office instructions . . . My suggestion is that you have each Branch office send you a copy of their interpretation of instructions you send out, and you will be amazed with the replies you receive . . ."

The lone veteran who goes to the VA is not able to perceive if the action on his case followed VA policy. The paid Service Officer knows the ropes and is in

a position to challenge decisions which vary from top policy.

Cannot the VA see to it that its orders are carried out in all of its divisions? Apparently not under the present set-up. The Administrator himself, Mr. Gray, puts it something like this: There are 18½ million veterans who may be "customers" of the VA. Each has an individual problem, maybe more than one. There are 209,000 employees of the VA. Can Mr. Gray, or anyone else, guarantee in advance that any one of these 18½ million veterans, dealing with any of those 209,000 VA employees, will be handled correctly with his own unique problem? Gray says it is impossible. He says it would take an Einstein to figure the possible combinations between 209,000 VA employees and the 18½ million veterans, plus their "wives, their sisters, their aunts and their Congressmen. . . ."

The VA's answer to the complexities of its work has been to write a set of rules into a "book" which its employees must follow. This might work fine if the veteran knew "the book," but actually it adds a host of secondary rules to a mass of laws—all of which block the veteran's understanding of how to get what Congress meant for him to get. It also freezes the VA employees into a set procedure for each type of case—even though Mr. Gray is aware that no two cases are quite the same. Even this might be fine if the VA employed men to take the veteran's side, and tie-up the "book" with the veteran's needs. But it does not. The VA employs contact men whose job is to advise veterans on proper procedure for almost anything in the VA, and adjudication officers to advise the veteran on proper procedure in presenting specific claims. These men do a good job, but the job is not so much to help the veteran win his rights as it is to see that the veteran follows the "book."

In the whole picture, the only men who



"There goes the best plunging fallback in football."

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

know the "book" and use it to win for the veteran are the Service Officers of the 70 veterans' organizations and State agencies which are accredited to represent the veteran before the VA.

Let us look at a few of the ways in which the VA can fail veteran X, and see how a Service Officer can prevent such failure.

Supposing you are a veteran with a personal problem, and you suspect there may be something in the laws Congress has passed to help veterans which may help you. The VA has no policy which encourages its employees to talk over private problems with veterans. The general working assumption is that you know the law and will make a specific claim. Yet even veterans who think they know all about veterans' rights seldom know a thimbleful of them—in fact there is no living man who knows it all. Within the VA and the Legion the various rights of veterans are broken down among full time specialists, many of whom are stumped daily on problems within their own specialty. Pity the 50% or more of veterans who try to go it alone!

The VA will not discuss your personal problems. OK. So you know your rights and you will file a claim without help anyway. You want training or education under the law? If you are a disabled veteran, you may get it under either Public Law 16 or Public Law 346. Which? You must choose. Maybe you don't know it, but the choice may be an important one and you'd better relate it to your personal problem. In some cases you can get more under Public Law 16 than under 346. In others you might get turned down if you are cocky enough to demand it under Public Law 16, or you might get less than under 346. You need advice from someone who wants to get you the most, not from someone who is willing to satisfy any legal claim you may make. What do you know about the differences between Public 16 and Public 346? If you know the difference in the laws, what do you know about the difference in their administration? This stuff can get awfully complicated.

In a recent case a man who wisely chose to use Public Law 16 still had a fight on his hands. This law provides rehabilitation for disabled veterans, including job training. It does not offer any set amount of help—the idea is to restore the veteran to something like his pre-war status in civilian life. This man was a doctor. He had hurt his back in the war. The VA turned him down for any rights under Public Law 16 because the injury to his back did not take his medical knowledge away from him. He talked it over with a Legion Service Officer who went back to the VA and pointed out that the doctor needed training in a medical specialty. He had been a general practitioner before the war, and now his injury prevented a lot of walking or stair-climbing—which must be done by a doctor in general practice making house calls. The VA wasn't stubborn. When the case was stated by a man who knew how to make it stick the VA reversed itself. The doctor was listed as a man eligible for benefits under Public

(Continued on page 43)

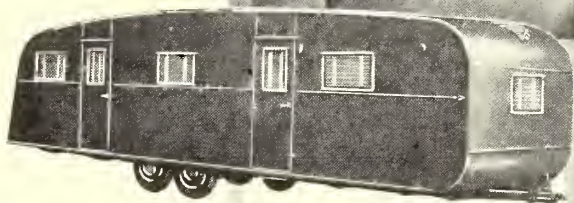
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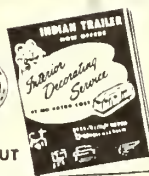


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By W. H. B. SMITH

The following questions and answers deal with subjects on which this Department receives an unusually large volume of mail. It is impossible to reply promptly and individually to all letters, since many require checking and research.

Q. *I'd like to get an M-1 Carbine. How do I go about it?*

A. You'd better forget the M-1 Carbine. The War Department does not want these arms in civilian hands, and regulations are so drawn that legal ownership is difficult. For one thing, their short barrels bring them under the Federal Firearms Act which requires that they be registered. When you apply for such registration you must prove that you obtained the weapon legitimately. Since only a few were officially sold with War Department bills of sale, the chances are that any M-1 Carbine you ask to have registered will be confiscated. This carbine is exclusively a military short and mid-range man killer. Furthermore, it is easily converted to full automatic, a fact which renders it a danger to law and order in the wrong hands. It is not accurate enough for a target arm and it is not powerful enough for a truly effective hunting rifle. Some circulating M-1 Carbines were "unofficially liberated." Some were built up from spare parts which were released for public sale by a bad blunder on someone's part. All this can get you in a lot of trouble if you can't show an official War Department bill of sale. Keep that in mind.

Q. *Are sporting arms from Russia or Russian satellite countries being sold here?*

A. Yes, a few are coming in from Czechoslovakia, but watch your step if you're thinking of buying them. I have examined some Czech Mauser rifles and actions being offered here, and they are certainly no credit to the Communist-dominated manufacturing system. Before the war the Czechs made some of the finest rifles produced anywhere. Under Russian domination the Czech factories are cutting corners in every conceivable way to fool the purchaser. On the Mauser the important safety guide rib on the bolt has been eliminated to save machining time and operations; cheap stampings have been used wherever possible, notably in the magazine units, to replace expensive forgings; in place of the pre-war one-piece triggerguard assembly, the Czechs now go in for spot welded assemblies. On the other hand, Mausers coming from the Belgian F. N. works, a capitalist enterprise, are of such outstanding workman-

ship that the contrast should be painful to the commies. If you want a quick lesson on the superiority of our system over the communist, just look over a post-war Belgian and a Czech Mauser. On the outside they may compare, but remove the stocks and you can see at a glance the difference between products made by free men for sale to other free men, and those made under communist dominated policies. Incidentally, with all their chiseling, the Czechs are still asking more for their rifles than it will cost you to buy a super-grade Belgian Mauser or Winchester 70!

Q. *What caliber cartridge is most popular for all-around big game hunting in the United States?*

A. The versatile .30-06 is the choice of most hunters. This is the most highly developed rifle cartridge made. This caliber is available in a wide range of loadings for all types of target and big game shooting. Bullet weights range from 145 grains giving a velocity of 2960 feet per second at muzzle to the 220-grain which leaves the muzzle at 2410 f.p.s. Commercial bullet types include hollow point, full patch, soft point (half patch) and pointed expanding. The .30-06 is the nearest approach ever made to the perfect high power for general use. The .270 WCF, which uses the same case as the .30-06 except that it is a trifle longer and necked for the smaller bullet, is also an excellent high power. The 7.92 (8 mm) Mauser (from which the .30-06 was developed) and the .257 Roberts are also very highly rated.

The rimmed .30-30 cartridge as used in Winchester and Marlin lever action and Savage-Stevens bolt actions, and its counterpart the rimless .30 Remington as used in Remington trombone and auto-loading rifles are perhaps the most widely used deer calibers. However, ballistically they are not in the .30-06 class. The .30-30 gets its name from the fact that its original .30 caliber bullet was propelled by a load of 30 grains of powder. The .30-06, which is longer, rimless and far more accurate and powerful, gets its name from the fact that it is the official U. S. service cartridge .30 caliber adopted in the year 1906—though it has been much improved since the time it was adopted. Lever action rifles which are perfectly safe with the medium powered .30-30 cartridge would be terribly dangerous if chambered for the high power .30-06.

Q. *Studying the game laws of different states I find many variations which I can't understand. Some states forbid the use of any rifles for deer hunting and other states forbid the use of shotguns for deer. Why the discrepancy?*

A. In general, hunting with high power rifles is not encouraged in thickly populated areas such as New Jersey where a wild bullet might cause trouble in the next town. Such areas insist on the use of shotguns loaded with buck shot, ball or rifled slugs where the killing area is confined to 100 yards or less. The question of community safety from bullets capable of traveling 3 miles is the important factor here. In less thickly populated areas high power rifles may be preferred because they will normally result in fewer wounded animals, since they will penetrate bush which may slow down shotgun slugs; and since any kind of a body hit will usually drop game for a killing shot.

Q. *I have a German 98 Mauser Carbine which I'd like to convert to a sporter. What is the best way of going about it and how much will it cost?*

A. The easy way is to consult a reliable gunsmith, since he'll probably have to do some of the work anyway. Bluing the barrel to make a good looking sporter is a job for the professional. It will cost you about \$10. You will probably want to replace the clumsy military sight with a sporting receiver type, and the job of drilling and tapping the receiver is well worth the \$4 or \$5 it will cost. The sight itself will cost \$6 to \$25 additional, depending upon type selected. Gauging and checking headspace, together with proof firing, will be another \$4 or so. Now we come to the stock. If you are really handy with tools you may want to cut down the original stock, dress it up with recoil pad and sling swivels, and work it down to finished form yourself. On the other hand, you can buy a stock blank and work out a stock to your own personal dimensions. However, if you are just average with tools, your best bet is to buy an inletted sporter stock from Herter's at Waseca, Minnesota; from E. C. Bishop & Son at Warsaw, Mo.; or from Montgomery-Ward. These will range in price from \$6.50 up, depending upon the grade of wood and the extent of the finish, and will normally come with butt plate and grip plate attached. When you get through with your Mauser, you can have the equivalent of a custom sporter selling as high as \$200. Furthermore, you can have a rifle stocked to your individual requirements, something you can't buy in a gun store; and you can have a lot of fun doing the work.

Q. *What sizes of shot should I use for general hunting?*

A. That's quite a question, as it is open to a dozen qualifications. In general, however, best hunting opinion is about as follows: For deer, wolf or black bear use either rifled slugs or 0 or 00 Buckshot. For fox use either BB or No. 2 shot. For turkey or geese use BB, No. 2 or No. 4 shot. For ducks and rabbits use No. 4, 5 or 6. For pheasants use No. 5 or 6. Grouse and partridge use No. 5 or 6 for heavy western varieties and No. 7½ or 8 for the smaller ruffed grouse and Hungarian partridge. For doves and pigeons use No. 6, 7½ or 8. For quail, woodcock, and rail use 7½, 8 or 9.

(Continued from page 41)

Law 16. When last heard from, the VA had turned him down for surgical training because his back injury wouldn't permit long hours of standing over the operating table, but the Service Officer and the doctor were busily at work to get approval of training in a specialty he could practice. From being under-sollicitous the VA had turned to being over-sollicitous about this man's back injury. But he hadn't been able to bring about the change himself.

That is just one incident from the daily life of a Legion Service Officer. It is typical, he says.

The bulk of the service work of the Legion is carried on between the levels of Post Service Officer and Department Service Officer. At these levels the veteran can get nearly all his questions on veterans' rights answered from the point of view of his own best interest. If the answer is that he has a claim with the VA the veteran can also get these experts to present his claim and represent him before the VA.

Yet veterans' rights can be so complex and confusing that problems arise daily which cannot properly be handled by any of these men. What happens when the Department Service Officer thinks your

IMPULSES

By Ponce de Leon



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

Of the seventy approved service agencies and organizations accredited to appear before the VA for veterans, The American Legion is the first alphabetically, the largest, the best staffed, best financed and the most influential. If you go to an American Legion Service Officer with a personal problem and seek an answer in the law you will be using him in his most useful capacity. He may know the answer. But don't be disgruntled if he does not. He may have to refer to his Legion Handbook for Service Officers. The answer may not even be there. Your Post Service Officer is a volunteer, and he can't know everything. His handbook covers most veterans' claims, but not all.

When stumped, your Service Officer can refer your question to a paid Legion Service Officer higher up. In many states there are County or District paid Legion Service Officers. They are usually more expert than your Post Service Officer and are at his service. Even they can be stumped, but every Department of the Legion (State Legion Organization) has a full-time Service Officer or even a full-time staff who are accustomed to handling the tougher questions. Most of these men are in the full-time employ of their Legion Department. In some States the Legion has persuaded the State to assume the support of this staff, and they are State employees. In every State where this is true they are also the Department Legion Service Officers.

case can be won for you, but believes it may be too much for him?

He can turn it over to the employees of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Commission. Don't let their title confuse you. While one of the major jobs of this Washington-based staff of the Legion (with representatives in the thirteen outlying Branch Offices of the VA) is to watch over the rehabilitation of veterans in the narrowest sense, they are also super Service Officers. To make this clear, let's take a subject which is obviously not rehabilitation. Your government insurance policy is messed up somewhere in the VA. You don't need rehabilitation, your insurance policy does. If the VA is in error, and if the Service Officers in Post, County or State cannot track the difficulty to its source they can refer it to National Rehab, whose machinery can search out missing insurance records by conducting a nationwide search in all repositories of VA insurance records. It happens all the time.

The reason for this is that in or near all major offices of the VA there are to be found offices of local, State or National employees of the Legion, whose presence is honored by the Veterans Administration, and who have access to VA files. When asked by your Service Officer they can obtain the files and see your record themselves, if properly authorized by you. Often they can straighten out some mess quicker than the VA employees. This is not because they are in any way superior

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to VA employees, it is because, being outside the VA chain of command, they are able to exercise a freedom from the VA levels of authority which the VA does not permit its own workers.

Your Service Officers can hand problems up to other National Commissions of the Legion which deal in specialized problems. Thus the National Economic Commission, with a paid staff in Washington, handles cases concerning employment and training rights of veterans—and will deal for you not only with the VA on these matters, but with other government agencies such as the Department of Labor, the Civil Service Commission or the Department of Agriculture.

The Legion has yet another staff of full time service workers. These are the Field Representatives, who spend much of their time on the road, visiting and reporting on the conditions and problems of veterans in VA hospitals and offices. Their reports are carefully analyzed by the interested Legion Commissions and respected by the managers of the VA hospitals and offices.

When called upon by other Legion Service Officers the Field Representatives occasionally drop in on veterans at home who have peculiarly difficult personal problems, and they are good at working out solutions under the law or solutions unrelated to the law but within the resources of the Legion itself. This is extracurricular work for the Field Representatives, but they make good pinch hitters for the ordinary Legion Service chain.

The members of the Rehab and Economic Commissions played a large part in writing the GI Bill of Rights, working with a special Legion Committee under John Stelle (later National Commander). In the winter of 1943-44 this committee conceived the idea of the GI Bill, nursed

it through Congress against the initial opposition of other veterans' organizations, and urged that its administration be placed in the hands of one government agency, the Veterans Administration. Had the bill gone through as a bunch of separate laws, to be handled by a couple of dozen government agencies, today's headaches with the VA would seem like a picnic compared to the red tape the veteran would then have faced.

LATER, as National Commander, John Stelle publicly criticized General Omar Bradley, who took over the VA right after the war. Some veterans who had served under or respected General Bradley—now Army Chief of Staff—for the fine military commander he is, did not understand Stelle's criticism. Few saw Stelle's point of view, or knew what his committee had conceived during 1943-44, when most of us were overseas. The Legion committee and Rehab staff conceived the GI Bill and persuaded Congress to place it under the Veterans Administration to guarantee that veterans of War Two should be served by a super veterans' organization, the VA.

Then Stelle saw Bradley take over the VA and Army-fy it, tightening the rigid chain of command, the inflexible use of "the book," and the various levels of authority. Army officers moved into key spots in the VA—VA office doors took on military titles. The VA was impersonalized and the veteran was no less a serial number than he had been in the army.

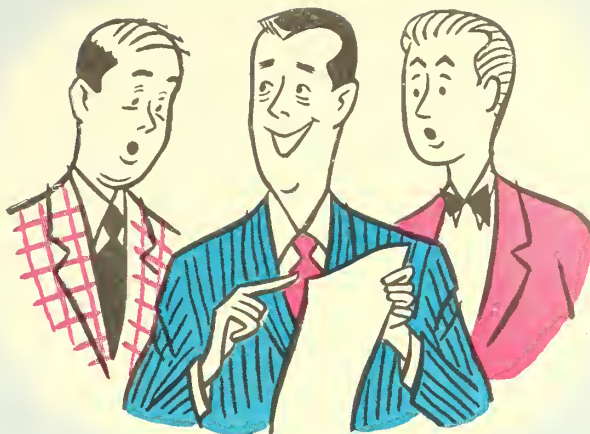
No organization the size of the VA is ever going to function like an informal clambake, but General Bradley gave it a true Army mold from which it still suffers. Stelle, a bluff, direct man who has always called a spade a spade, could not

(Continued on page 46)

"I'm the richest man in the world. A few short years ago I was nothing but a common bum. Then one day a kind-hearted young man such as yourself gave me \$5.00. So I took the \$5.00, worked hard, built a huge industrial empire, and amassed a gigantic fortune. I found my benefactor, the young man who had given me the \$5.00, and repaid his original gift one million-fold. Now every year, for sentimental reasons, I return to this bench disguised as the tramp that I used to be and now am no more, hoping to find another generous young man whose kind-heartedness deserves to be rewarded one million-fold. Could you let me have \$5.00, Bub?"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

Little Known Rights of Vets and their dependents



RECENTLY A VETERAN of War One who lost a leg in action was griping to his niece about the undue wear on his trousers caused by the artificial leg which the VA had supplied him.

"What!" exclaimed the young lady, who had done a good deal of reading about veterans' rights since her discharge from the Navy, "Don't you know that the VA will assume some of the responsibility for reweaving or relining your trousers?"

Her uncle didn't know that. For twenty years the artificial limb had been wearing out his best trousers in jig-time, and he had footed the bill for repairing or replacing them. During most of that time a provision had been in the book stipulating that the VA might supply "special clothing for users of prosthetic appliances." Its meaning wasn't clear and few veterans followed it up. Last June the rule was rewritten, specifying VA help in such cases for reweaving or relining of clothing worn unduly by artificial limbs.

The long, full list of veterans' rights includes many interesting and little-known provisions, many of which remain unknown even to those who may be eligible for the help they offer. Some of these items are hedged in by a number of qualifications so that they apply to few—yet they can be mighty important to those few. Those listed below are typical.

- A veteran with a service-connected disability may, if he later becomes blind for a *non-service-connected* reason, be entitled to most of the aids which the service-connected blind receive, including a seeing-eye dog, training in the ways of the blind, maintenance while in training, transportation to place of training, and other benefits.

- When a veteran seeks to prove he has a service-connected disability the VA requires that to be "service-connected" the disability must have been suffered in "line of duty." However, this does not necessarily mean the veteran must have been hurt while carrying out a military order or command. Generally it means the disability must have been suffered while the veteran was subject to military control, but not as a result of misconduct, not while AWOL, not while confined by order of a military court. "Line of duty" thus means "while serving honorably." Here is an imaginary example to make the

point clear: While at home on authorized leave your bed collapses while you are asleep, and you suffer an injury thereby. So far as "line of duty" is concerned, this is a service-connected disability.

- Sickness contracted while serving honorably, or even in the year after discharge, may also cause disability which may be adjudged "service-connected."

- Persons confined by court martial may be eligible for "service-connected" awards if disabled while carrying out extra-hazardous duty. Thus prisoners rushed into combat in emergencies, or to do work connected with combat, like digging trenches in a combat zone, may receive injuries which would permit classification as "service-connected."

- The government will pay premiums on a service insurance policy if a veteran is totally disabled for six months or more while carrying the policy. After six months of such disability the veteran must file a claim for "waiver of premium." If the claim is established, Uncle will pay the premiums so long as the disability remains "total for insurance purposes." But such payments don't cover the first six months of disability, and won't be made if the veteran has let his policy drop. Nor will they cover any period before the date the veteran files his claim for "waiver."

- If a veteran dies while "totally disabled for insurance purposes" but before he has been thus disabled for six months, the government will not pay the premiums but will honor the policy, paying off the death claim and subtracting therefrom any premiums which were not paid during the period of total disability. Of course the total disability must be proven in such instances.

- Certain disabilities are classed as "statutory total and permanent disability." Included are (a) loss of any two limbs or the use thereof, (b) loss of both eyes or one eye and one limb, (c) organic loss of speech. Any veteran with a "service-connected statutory total and permanent disability" has a statement to that effect. One of his privileges is that the government will pay the premiums on his service insurance for life. Some of these veterans do not know that they

may convert their insurance to any of the available permanent forms except an endowment policy, and though the premiums are much higher and the advantages much greater, the government will still pay the premiums.

- Veterans who were discharged from service because they fraudulently misrepresented their ages and were actually too young to serve are entitled to any benefits they would otherwise be entitled to for the period they served.

- Men or women who served in the armed forces and whose last discharge was honorable are eligible for burial in a national cemetery. Their wives are also eligible even if the veteran does not die first. Under more restrictive conditions, their minor sons and unmarried daughters may also be eligible for such burial.

- If a disabled veteran suffers injury, aggravation of injury, or death as the result of pursuing a course of vocational training under Public Law 16, he or his beneficiaries are entitled to the same benefits as they would be if the injury, aggravation or death had occurred in war service.

- This one is very involved, so we'll give an example. A sailor served throughout the war and escaped unharmed. He stayed in the Navy and was killed in a blimp crash in *peacetime*. His widow might collect benefits under either of two different headings. (a) As the widow of a war veteran who did not die as the result of war service. (b) As the widow of a veteran who died as the result of *peacetime* military service. In the past the benefits were greater under (a), and a widow would pass up the right to apply for benefits due her as a survivor of a serviceman who died as the result of *peacetime* military service, and would simply apply as the widow of a war veteran. However this is not a wise choice today; she can receive greater benefits by filing as the widow of a man who died as a result of *peacetime* military service. Widows and other dependents who find this fits their case may apply for change of status with the VA. Note that this has nothing to do with widows of veterans who died as a result of war service, for whom the death benefits are highest of all.

(Continued from page 44)

help but protest against plans to make the VA a bureau which rated administrative formality ahead of service to the veteran.

All Legion Service Officers objected to the production line system of adjudication of claims which was developed. They wanted "quality" not "quantity" evaluation of claims. They still look out for this tendency but they recognize that a renewed effort is being made to give careful consideration to each individual claim.

Understand this. Veterans who were injured in service may draw compensation from the government if the injury disables them. Also, veterans who suffered any of many ailments for the first time while in service—or during the first year after discharge—may also draw compensation if the after effects disable them. Is that simple? Not when you are through with all the ifs and buts.

A VETERAN who will draw such compensation (there are about 2,277,000 drawing it today) must file a claim. Before he knows that he has such a claim he would have to know a lot more about the subject than most veterans do, unless his injury and disability are very obvious. After he knows he has such a claim, there is a lot more he has to know. What is a disability? The VA has all degrees, from 0% to 100%. The veteran will have to prove the disability, and he will have to do it the VA's way. The VA has refined the measurement of disability to a science as much as it can, and the official policy is good. But in the end it is always a matter of opinion. A group of three VA employees called a *rating board* meets and looks over the evidence—your statements, medical reports, affidavits of witnesses, as well as records (we hope complete) covering your active military service. The rating board knows that in the event of a reasonable doubt it should decide in favor of the veteran. The medical member of the board considers the medical record, the legal member views the claim in the

light of the law and regulations. The joint deliberation and decision of the three members are required. Now here is where your Legion representative steps in.

Every single working day Legion representatives who have been asked by veterans to handle their claims sit in on rating boards, listen to the arguments, point out the merits of the veteran's side of the case, remind the rating board of its power to decide in favor of the veteran wherever a reasonable doubt occurs. And they get results.

If you have gone to the VA with a compensation claim alone, and if the rating board turns you down, the best the VA can offer you is your right to appeal. This is already a danger signal. You have a borderline case. A man would be a fool not to let an expert handle his appeal. Legion service specialists will do it, if there is any reason at all to appeal. They will often do something better. Nobody in the VA can take your case back to the rating board and argue it over again. But before exhausting your appeal rights a Service Officer can tackle the rating board again—often persuading it to change its mind.

SOMETHING else has to be proved in compensation cases. The veteran has to prove that the alleged disability is service-connected. Since service-connection covers a lot of things besides gunshot wounds it is not always obvious. The entire song and dance required to prove disability, with all the differences between the VA service and the Legion service, holds for the establishment of service-connection too. Did you know that if you suffered an injury or illness in the armed services which does not disable you now you may still be able to get it on the records as a 0% service-connected disability today—while you can still prove it? That way if the after effects come back to haunt you many years hence you will not have to dig up witnesses and records which may not be available at that time. There are

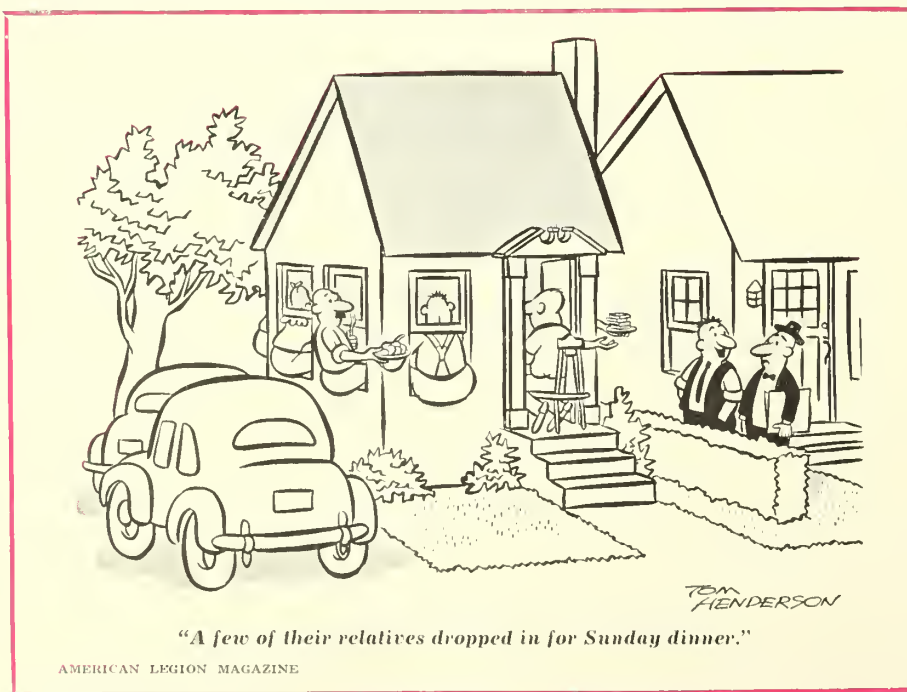
today many men of War One looking for nurses and buddies, whom they last saw in 1917 in France, in order to prove that present compensable afflictions are service-connected. And there are already men from War Two seeking the buddies who witnessed the back injury on Guadalcanal. They could have gone to their Post Service Officers the day after discharge to start getting the service-connection on the record.

In compensation cases the paid Service Officer serves all the functions of a lawyer in court. Cases are won daily on the merits of his arguments. Without him there would be no arguments. Decisions are reversed on the basis of his arguments. Appeals are won on the basis of his arguments. In VA Regional Offices original ratings are not infrequently modified after appeals are filed. If the case still cannot be resolved in the Regional office to the satisfaction of the claimant the fight goes up to the Board of Veterans Appeals in Washington, and the Legion's Washington staff pleads for the veteran. Medical and claims experts on the Rehabilitation staff of the Legion have won cases on the third and fourth crack at the top appeal board.

Some losing cases which seemed just, but couldn't be won under existing regulations have led to the Legion's successfully recommending changes in the regulations. Thus the rule has long held that a man who came down with certain afflictions during the first year after discharge would be presumed service-connected. Then a losing case came up in which the veteran showed signs of a certain affliction during that period but didn't have a diagnosable case until after one year was up. The case was lost, but the Legion pressed for an interpretation which admitted that the beginnings of an affliction should date to the time of the first provable signs, rather than to the date when it was first diagnosable. The case was won and a new principle was established for others. Whew! Lucky for that GI he didn't go it alone.

MUCH more can be said—but a few warnings and apologies are in order. To state the case I have ignored a lot of fine things about the VA, and given the Legion a sort of holier-than-thou position. The case is solid, but the Legion is not all white, nor is the VA all black. In the first place Service Officers win cases only with the assent of the VA. Also, the VA's batting average is high, its record is tremendously successful. It has fulfilled its duties to veterans in millions and millions of cases. Most of its employees are good, most of them are veterans, they know their jobs and want to help other veterans—but they are powerless to render personal service because not one of them can see a veteran's case through.

The dangers for the individual veteran going it alone against the VA are the tricky dangers of deceptive averages. For all the good the VA has done there is no guarantee that the next man in line is going to get the best deal. The VA is like the late Babe Ruth, who had a tremendous lifetime batting average of .342—yet he also had the all-time strikeout record—



"A few of their relatives dropped in for Sunday dinner."

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

he whiffed 1,306 times. If the VA whiffs when it pinch hits for you you have struck out and it does you no good when the VA fattens its average by slamming a homer when it bats for the next man up. This is not a far-fetched figure of speech. As Carl Gray honestly says, it would take an Einstein to figure how the next case may turn out.

On the other hand, when this article is published I will receive some letters from veterans who believe their Post Service Officer has failed them. There are about 17,000 of these volunteers, locally appointed. Most of them do a heroic job—some of them make mistakes. But the Post Service Officers with the chain of experts above them are the best protection the

veteran has for his rights, outside of himself, and the veteran should bring his problem to his Post Service Officer first. He should not go higher in the Legion Service chain first. Unless claims are handled at the lowest possible link in the Legion the higher offices will be snowed under the way Mr. Gray is snowed under.

THE American Legion Magazine receives thousands of letters a year from Legionnaires on all sorts of subjects, including praise and damnation of nearly everything under the sun. The number of complaints about Service Officers is amazingly small, almost negligible. The most serious complaint of the dozen or so received in

the last three years is on my desk. But a month's investigation ended in the discovery that the Service Officer complained against actually represented another veterans' organization, not the Legion.

Even so, it is impossible to pretend that our own Service Officers do not make errors. Otherwise they would be superhuman if they did not. Their ability to help the veteran stems from their freedom of action in taking the veteran's side. In other respects they are neither more nor less human than VA employees.

Since nobody is infallible every veteran should make it a hobby to know all he can about veterans' rights. He should be militant for his own rights—and use all the services available. THE END

TALK ABOUT TROUBLES!

(Continued from page 15)

dream house after days of vain searching. Imagine their disillusionment when they discovered that it was "a new kind of hog shed on the estate of a munitions maker." The thing about this letter that really got me was the clear thinking of the man who wrote it. He wasn't against the munitions maker. "We had to have munitions," he wrote, "and he made good ones and didn't cheat the government, but I have been looking for a house that I could rent or afford to buy and it does gripe me a little to have a hog beat me to it."

Housing is, of course, the principal gripe. Servicemen know that billions of dollars were spent to house them when they were in training. Billions on which there could never be a money return. They just can't understand, nor can I, why four years and a half should have passed since the first housing bill was introduced, but with still nothing done. They say it doesn't make sense and it doesn't. On a few billion expended to finance a comprehensive housing program there would have been millions of dollars returned in rentals and down payments. These veterans pay their bills and they have had the money to pay them. Two of my own sons-in-law have been compelled to buy homes beyond their means and exorbitantly priced by any former test. Compelled, I say, because they have little families to support and house. And even at the price paid they are more fortunate than hundreds and thousands of others.

There isn't a "gripe" in the most violent of the letters I have read that overstates the case against us at home not only in our failure to keep our vows or our inexcusable delay in not providing homes for the veteran, but for our almost complete failure to give the veteran the chance to build or buy his own home.

But this article will be a complete failure if it merely is a "yes, yes" piece for servicemen grippers.

At the heart of my correspondence is something that the American people need to know about. Something so dynamic and vivid that it makes me tingle to my fingertips.

For instance, a boy with two decorations and as many wounds came back to find that his own home had betrayed him. His deeply moving letter closes with this:

"But with God's help and with the help of faithful friends we are getting started again. The future has promise and do you remember the words of the ancient prophet, 'I will trust and not be afraid.' That is what I am doing, and working hard."

This was the spirit that broke the Siegfried Line, that bombed the enemy out of the islands and swept him beyond the

and others the leaders of labor: businessmen, professional men, educators and clergymen in every worthy area of our public life.

It is written that men "cannot live by bread alone." Now don't misunderstand that, because a man must have bread to live. Just to stay alive, just to exist, he must eat and there is an irreducible minimum for a worthy life that includes bread and meat on the table, a roof over the head and the assurance of care in sickness for yourself and your dependents. All of these things and many more are needed but still without something added they are not enough, and it is the spirit of the man who wrote the letter I have just quoted and of a million like him that is the guarantee for the future well-being of America and for the happiness of her individual citizens. God helps those who help themselves but in helping ourselves we must help each other if we may reasonably expect to reach the heights of character and achievement.

A vice-president of one of the largest corporations of its kind in America retired at 42, saying, "I have so much money now that, if I stay, I will be the slave of money and of business. I will be just another in the wild economic huddle and so I am going to quit and begin to live." That was before World War II and since then he has done everything from leading Community Chest drives and heading up the Red Cross to participating in Boy Scout campaigns and helping conduct the affairs of his church.

Once in a barber shop after the wealthiest man in the valley left the chair I saw the village wise man nod his head significantly and heard him say, "Money buys everything." But he wasn't the wise man after all, for the old barber shook out his apron, adjusted his spectacles and went on from there. "Yes," said the barber, "yes, money buys everything. Everything but three things—health, happiness and heaven." We all knew that the gentleman whose hair had just been cut was a dying man and that money, which had taken him all over the world, couldn't bring him to health. We knew, too, that he was terribly unhappy and that he was called the village infidel.

These letters with only a few exceptions (Continued on page 49)

A WALLGREN BOUQUET



(From December, 1932 A.L.M.)

Rhine. This was the spirit that overcame the jungle diseases, the Spirit of Victory, and this is the true spirit of the serviceman today. There is no excuse for the rest of us, for our failures and broken promises. But his spirit should be a challenge to every American to go on and win the peace.

I saw that wheelchair basketball game at Madison Square Garden last winter. It was the greatest game of basketball I have ever seen. Someone has called those men "athletes of the mind." On merit and by just about every test they played a great game but when I got my eyes clear enough to see I saw them shooting, not at the baskets but at the stars. If I were a betting man, I would wager that twenty years from now some of those boys will be the trouble shooters of great industries



LIFE IN THE OPEN

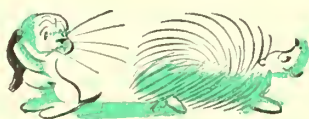
A Feature of Fun, Fact and Fancy for Outdoorsmen

CONDUCTED BY
ARTHUR CARHART

● Not long ago we discussed here the problem of drying the inside of wet boots, and recommended blowing warm dry air into them with a vacuum cleaner. Now Comrade N. C. Mills, of Normal, Illinois, points out that there may be more than one way to dry a boot. "Fill the boots with dry oats and the job will be well done," he says. As you will see above, our artist has gone further and suggests what to do with the oats after the boot is dry. Meanwhile, thanks to Comrade Mills.

● There is no end to the problems of the sportsman. A few readers whose boots must be dry have been worrying about something else, to wit: What do you do when your hunting dog collects porcupine quills on his muzzle?

Old heads say you can soften the quills with a dilution of vinegar. Others declare that if the quills are clipped off at the outer end to "let out the air" they will pull away easier. There seems to be nothing authoritative on the subject beyond the fact that the quills should definitely be removed from the dog.



WOODLAND FASHIONS

There's a good reason for wearing woolen trousers on a deer hunt. Blue jeans, khakis and other hard materials can make a swishing noise when you walk, warning the deer of your approach. Old wool pants are quieter.

● If you take flannel pajamas to a hunting camp you may be called a sissy — but you'll be wise. If you can shuck out of perspiration-moist underwear at the end of the day, get into comfortable, dry pajamas, and slip medium-weight wool socks

on your feet and over the cuffs of the pajamas you'll sleep more comfortably, lessen the chance of catching cold.

HORSES AREN'T AUTOS

Comrade George M. Fisher, of Leslie Kreps Post, Salina, Kansas, has sent in some of the fundamentals of safety in handling pack-horses, saddle horses and mules. Fisher explains that in the big-game hunting seasons in the West and Alaska a number of serious accidents occur every year to tenderfeet who don't know what every horseman and mule-skinner takes for granted.

First of all, he says, the tenderfoot shouldn't be ashamed of his ignorance and conceal it, but should let the professional wrangler show him the ropes.

Always walk slowly and calmly around your mount or pack string, and be extra patient with nervous animals. Unlike automobiles, animals are alive and may be excitable. Many horses are suspicious of strangers and you must gain their confidence.

It is wise to follow a definite daily routine in packing and saddling. The beasts get to know what to expect and will be more cooperative, and you are less apt to forget something if you are not haphazard in your preparations.

Approach horses and mules from the front, never, if avoidable, from directly behind. Walk in a wide circle around their heads. Always mount or handle the animals from the left side, speak quietly, and let them know when you are approaching.

Don't use worn-out equipment, and check your gear for defects constantly.

Save the command "Whoa!" for necessary occasions, then use it firmly and train the animals to obey instantly.

Don't plant your feet deeply in the stirrups and never wrap reins or ropes around your wrists or body.

The unpredictable happens to the best of horsemen, so be ever alert and have control at all times of your reins or ropes.

● Camp flapjacks are like love: if they grow cold no amount of sirup can revive their appeal.

STRONG MAN

One of the outdoor's colorful characters who is no longer with us was John Lickensring who, as a game warden patrolman in Minnesota, went through the ice on Fall Lake with his dog team at a spot where snow had formed over open water above a warm, underwater spring. Sled, dogs and man went in and didn't come out.

They still tell the story around Ely, Minnesota, of how John carried a kitchen range a half mile over a portage. The stove was being taken into a lumber camp, and there was a discussion as to how it could be fitted with handles so men could tote it from one lake to the next. John, who wasn't very big, but was wiry and hard, made the remark that a good man ought to be able to do the job himself. Someone bet him \$50 it couldn't be done. Next morning with help in "getting under it," using an improvised "pack board" and tump line, John carried the stove the full half mile without stopping. Some say the stove weighed 500 pounds, others declared it weighed over 350.

The trick in this kind of packing is knowing how to "get under the weight," so that the big muscles of the legs and middle carry the burden. Even so, such loads aren't recommended for tenderfeet.

● Oddity—amazed workers in the Calumet Mine, near Somerset, Colorado, encountered a beaver 2500 feet under-



ground. It's anyone's guess how it got there. Crated in an empty powder box, Mr. Beaver was hoisted to the surface and released in nearby Anthracite Creek.

A BOOK ON TRAPPING

The American trapper has not had much literature to help him, except that put out by the fur companies. The fur catalogs have done a fine job. With them, and his own experience on the trap lines, the American trapper, farmer or farm boy has learned most of what he knows about catching fur-bearing animals and preparing the furs for market.

Early this year A. S. Barnes & Co. published a good book on the subject. It is *Trapping*, by Harold McCracken and Harry Van Cleve (\$2.75) The book is illustrated, and does a thorough job of detailing the private life of the muskrat, mink, skunk, marten, bear, coyote, cougar, ermine, lynx, bobcat, wolf, raccoon, fox, beaver, wolverine and others. It goes into the personal habits of the animals and how to take advantage of them—such tricks as putting a barrier in the way of a traveling mink, with one passage through it where the set is to be made. Or how to meet that embarrassing moment when you find you have actually caught that skunk.

All native varieties of fur-bearing animals are carefully listed. The book is easily worth the price.

THE END

(Continued from page 47)

tions are saying to America and to the world what the old barber said in that shop long ago, saying that money alone can never buy what we most want and Joe Press has something to add.

Joe broke his neck in a swimming pool in France and was totally paralyzed. Two years' treatment at the Cushing Veterans Hospital in Massachusetts conditioned him to hold a knife and fork and to comb his hair. Now Joe is again ready to go. His ambition had been to become a free lance importer and exporter and a broken neck couldn't stop him.

Red Cross workers volunteered to act as secretaries and researchers while he did the heavy thinking. Ten months ago Joe had a single contact from his overseas air force service. Now he is right in the middle of negotiations involving more than half a million dollars in a dozen countries. Here is a sample of how he operates:

Joe heard about a need for pre-fabricated houses in India. Contacting all the manufacturers of such dwellings he got the price, added his commission and forwarded the list. The orders come back to him and he gets them filled. Also Joe is the exclusive national distributor of a rare French perfume. Many other articles are on his lists and he sees a net profit of considerably more than ten thousand dollars before the end of his second year in business.

Yes, Joe is still in the hospital but he has the plans for his home near Boston and he is going to put other disabled veterans to work just as fast as his business grows. Doctors say this former serviceman is the only quadraplegic on record who can navigate on crutches. Also he is the only one conducting a world-wide business from a wheelchair. What he has done is in the true American spirit, the spirit of victory in peace as in war.

As I read these letters and the story of Joe Press, that man from Bridgeport kept coming back to me. His boy who died at Faid Pass in Tunisia was still with him

and would be with him always. Theirs was a spiritual partnership that death couldn't stop.

On a morning in December, 1943 a New York editor flew in from Europe. In the elevator he met Tony, the little man with the big box who visited the offices and shined shoes. He seemed to have shrunk, his shoulders sagged and the editor hardly recognized him. "Why Tony," he said after greeting his friend, "you look like the world has fallen in on you." Tony nodded without his characteristic smile and replied, "Yes, the envelope, it came last night from Washington. Little Tony is dead."

There was silence then until the returning editor broke it by asking Tony to get off on his floor and take care of him first. With strict attention to his job the little man created the shine for which he was famous in that building, but there was silence between the two until the job was finished. Then the editor told the boot-black about his own son who was not coming back, as the two men stood side by side at the office window overlooking Manhattan. When the story was finished Tony's hand touched the editor's hand and as he returned the coin which he had just earned, his face wore the old smile and he spoke with the warmth of his native Italy. "Now we have something together," he said.

That is the word for these times, the word for ex-servicemen and for the rest of us, the word for all Americans—"something together!" The peace which is so uncertain but for which so many have died, died to give us the fighting chance to win it, waits on that spirit. It is the spirit of Tony, the spirit of the letters that are on my desk and of earlier letters that crowd my memory, the spirit of good will, of mutual helpfulness, the spirit of unity—"something together."

A popular writer of 25 years ago once told the story of his search for the happiest person in the world. He went everywhere, dined with rulers and kings,

(Continued on page 51)



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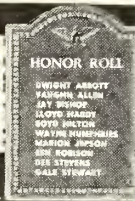
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115

(Continued from page 49)

visited the great in the fields of science and literature but came back to his home town in the south defeated. His quest was a failure and he discovered that generally those whom the world regards as the most successful are unmistakably less than happy. He went into the mountains of his state to recover from his experience and there, where he least expected to find it, he came upon the object of his quest, the happiest person in the world.

The mountain woman in whose cabin he boarded was stooped with her years of hard labor. Widowed in her young motherhood she had reared a large family, kept the wolf from the door and seen every child through to a basic education, but unmistakably she was quite happy.

After two weeks when the writer prepared to leave he asked his \$64 question. "Madam," he said, "you are the happiest person I have ever known and I can't understand it. How can you be happy, happy in your childbearing, happy in your poverty and loneliness? How can you be happy?" And as in surprise she replied, "Why, mister, how can I help it

with my children to love and to work for and with the love of God in my heart."

And that is the answer—love, work and God. Given everything some men and women never find happiness. They have success, limitless wealth and opportunity, but, miserable themselves, they make life miserable for others.

On the other hand I have known blind-ed men who were radiant and amputees who were brilliantly successful, and there are persons with permanent disabilities who make me ashamed of my crying and challenge me to climb the rugged road to the heights.

It sums up to this. Life for you and for me does not begin at 40. Life begins for you or may begin where and as you are. What the government does for you may give you a start but what it fails to do can't stop you unless you stop yourself. I am not saying it! It is the voice of the letters I have read, the voice of the American service men and women, the voice of American youth that won a war and that with God's help and just a bit of fair play from the rest of us will win the peace.

THE END

THE FRONTIER'S LAST "WAR"

(Continued from page 26)

Aloysius reappeared and was surrounded by questioning newspaper correspondents. He told us that his guide had taken him to the Indian council, which was in session.

"I made a statement," he said. "Discussion followed and continued without adjournment and with only short recesses for two nights and the intervening day. No, it was not tiresome. It was too interesting for that. In fact I was fascinated all the while by the marvelous oratory. The speeches were the most eloquent and enrapturing I ever heard. Yes, my report was brief. I was only a messenger. Now I must hurry back to White Earth."

"One more question, please. Who is your big Indian guide?"

"He is one of the pagans who remained to pray," he said with a smile. Flying Dove was waiting for him and they were gone.

The pow wow was begun the next morning in the largest hall in Walker. It was open to the public, at the Chief's request.

"Before we begin," said the Chief through the interpreter, "I want to know if all the newspaper reporters are present. What is said here may mean life or death to my people and I want all the newspapers to print it." The reporters were all there, thirty-two of them, from many cities. The pow wow then began, with everybody appearing to be in good humor. It proceeded with dignified deference to the Chief, whose voice would be the voice of the great tribe of the Chippewas, for war or peace. The long daily sessions continued deliberately and amicably. The pow wow came to an end with the award of full remedy of every grievance presented by the Chief, in return for a full military surrender by the Indians.

Washington approved the terms of the treaty by telegraph and the pipe of peace was smoked with ceremonial solemnity.

The war which Gen. Bacon officially described as being all set for "a year or more of ugly and costly fighting," was

thus reasoned into peace on Oct. 27, 1898.

It was the last serious Indian uprising in this country. General Bacon acknowledged the help the frail Benedictine gave him in settling it. But next year when the first issue of *Who's Who in America* came out, he had apparently forgotten. For his sketch, written by himself, said that he had "put down uprising of Chippewas, October, 1898."

As for Father Aloysius, after forty years' missionary service among the Chippewas, he became a professor at St. John's University, Collegeville, Minn., around the time of the First World War, as Very Rev. Aloysius Hermanutz, O.S.B. He died at 76 on Sept. 4, 1929.

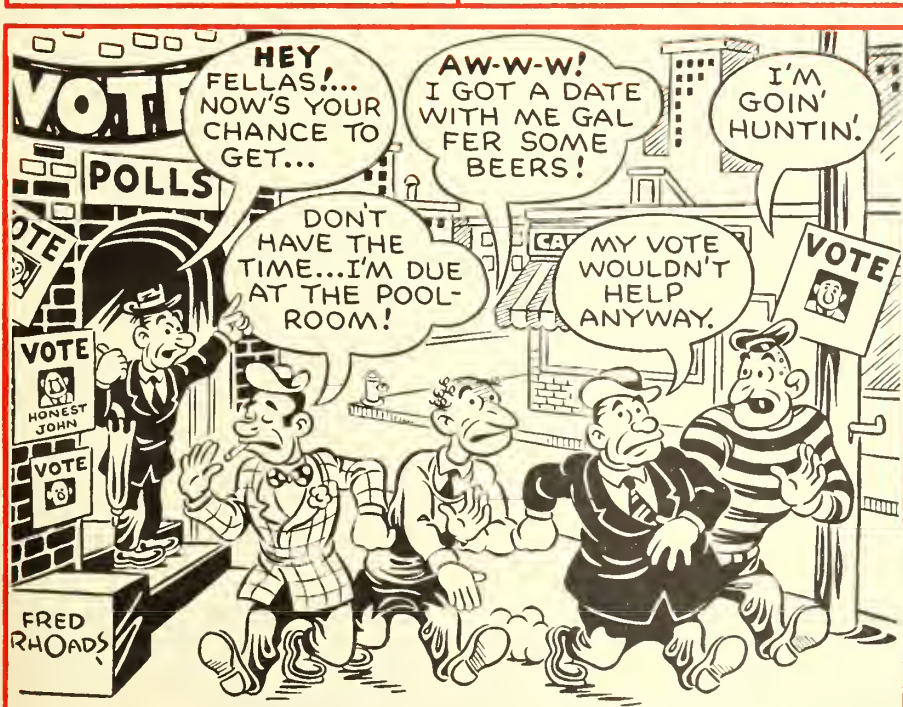
THE END

A WALLGREN BOUQUET



(From the November, 1931 A.L.M.)

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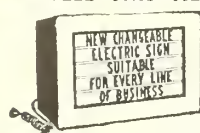
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SOUND OFF!

(Continued from page 8)

feature article on my letter, and it seems that everyone in Wilmington and Wrightsville Beach is trying to guess the author. Little did I expect such repercussions when I idly took my typewriter in hand in a spirit of fun.

But I'm glad I did! I've had dozens of interesting letters from all parts of the country. I'm working overtime trying to answer them all, and I will answer each one, but it may take a little time. So don't give up, boys. I may recruit some of these other gals around here to help me, if the job proves too much for me; but you will all receive an answer eventually.

This has all been a lot of fun—but I still wish the Atlantic Coast Line would run a couple of extra trains in here—filled to overflowing with G.I.'s. We need 'em!

I can't sign myself "Lonely" anymore, for I'm far too busy answering letters to get lonely; so this time it's just

Mary

Wrightsville Beach, N. C.

MUTUAL HELPFULNESS

After reading Mr. Thomas Hester's letter in the American Legion *Sound Off!* column for June, I felt I had to tell him what thousands of Americans, as well as myself, think of the Legion.

I have seen the Legion and its Auxiliaries at work in many fields, and it is only those of us that never take the time to find out all the good they do, have to wonder what they stand for.

Recently my husband had to undergo a very serious operation and was out of work for four months. At this time in word and deed we saw what The American Legion stands for, and how they work. Just when we felt we were at our rope's end, help would always come. We would receive a letter from our Post with cash or a check.

I remember one time especially that I was very downhearted. Christmas was coming and I knew I had to see it go by, and nothing for my six small children. A letter came from the Legion post with a check and a wish for a happier Christmas. God knows what we would have done without the help we got from the Legion.

It was during this same time of trouble that the body of our son, who was killed during the battle of Iwo Jima, was sent home. The Legion buried him with full military honors, without a cent of cost to us.

I am so very proud to be a member of such a wonderful organization.

Mrs. Jessie M. Hinson
N. Miami Beach, Fla.

A JOB AND A HOME

I am asking a small favor of you as a brother Legionnaire to put this in your magazine.

I have the Oxford Cafe and Bus Stop here in Oxford, Ind., and I am a disabled War II vet, my wife has taken sick and I am looking for a man and his wife to help me out in the restaurant. We have a wonderful business and it is increasing all the time. I will give them a partnership in the business and a nice four room

apartment above the restaurant to live in. I have other work in the afternoon which takes me away from here and I am in need of someone who is interested in the business. We have all modern equipment and good cooks.

Now if you could find a small place in the magazine some vet might be interested and contact me.

Howard Ewing
Oxford, Ind.

▼ Legionnaire Ewing wrote the above late in August. Don't set out for Oxford, Ind., until you have received from him assurance that the job has not been filled.

Editors

JOBS FOR THE DISABLED

So far I have never noticed in your magazine anything about disabled vets as postmasters and like positions. Why couldn't any qualified disabled veteran get these positions instead of small pensions. I know there are plenty of veterans that are disabled that can do these jobs perfectly. Give them a good position and no pension. The taxpayer and veteran both will benefit.

Clyde L. Tewalt
Mt. Carmel, Ill.

▼ Reader Tewalt's idea is good as far as it goes—but there are only 41,275 postoffices in the U. S. At last headcount there were 2,127,087 disabled vets on Uncle Sam's compensation and pension rolls. All veterans are given five percent markup—disabled vets, ten percent—on earned grades in Civil Service exams for postmaster and other Government jobs.

Editors

FOR UNITED ACTION

It is time that our government made a more definite stand on its foreign policy. After a summer of study at the University of Oslo, Norway, I have come to better understand the position of the small nations of Europe. They feel that they are in a valley surrounded by huge mountain ranges. These nations realize the menace of Communism, but cannot take an adequate stand nor can they prepare their defenses properly without some verbal assistance from our government.

We should assure them what our position would be in the event of another "Czechoslovakia." This action is imperative for better international understanding, for the proper follow-through with the Marshall Plan, and to show the Communists that we still believe in a united front against tyranny.

George F. French
Springfield, Mass.

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**Harvey J. Bray
Stokesdale, N. C.**

HOW ABOUT THIS, SAILORS?

With the late war a thing of the past, and the country in the mood to award service medals to the tune of about 40,000,000 (we laughed at the British in World War I for awarding three, while to date we have issued no less than twelve) one wonders why men who volunteered in the Naval Reserve are given the run-around and why temptations in the Army are so much greater than they are in the Navy.

An Army man who serves one year, whether it be peace or war-time service and who has the qualifying marks in conduct and proficiency in rating is awarded a good-conduct medal. In the regular Navy one must serve 4 years, with the qualifying marks, and 3 years in the Naval Reserve to qualify for a G. C. Medal.

There are thousands of men throughout the land, who volunteered, both in World War I and II, in the Naval Reserve, to do what they could in an hour of crisis, with no intention of making the Navy a career. They conducted themselves like men, at a time when discipline was practically broken (an offense, that in World War I would have brought 2 years in Portsmouth, was in many instances passed by with 36 hours extra duty) and they are disqualified in the first War because the U. S. part did not last 3 years. In World War II, thousands of them were discharged a few months short of three years' service.

A volunteer in the Naval Reserve who has two years of active wartime service, with the required marks in conduct and proficiency in rating, should be awarded a G. C. medal.

**Leonard Tagtmeyer
Ft. Wayne, Indiana**

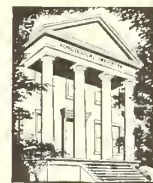
MEDICINE FOR COMMUNISTS

Commander O'Neil's message "We Spread Ourselves Too Thin" in the September issue of your magazine was hard hitting and right to the point. I have been following all of his articles very closely and have concluded that we have a very able man as our Commander. Our America's biggest job is fighting Communism! We must push legislation that will prevent proven Communists from holding American citizenship, owning any kind of property in the United States, and holding any kind of a job in our 48 States. Also young Communists going to school on the G. I. Bill or as far as that goes school at all. This is no time for fooling. It is later than we think.

**Arne O. Salonen
Raymond, Washington**

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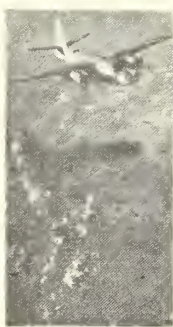
THE EDITORS

FLAK BAIT

By Devon Francis. \$5.00

Flak Bait is the story of the Ninth Air Force in Europe, of the B-26 Marauders which they flew, of the pilots, the bombardiers and the ground crew who developed bombing to a matter of pin-point precision.

The book takes its title from the nickname a Marauder's crew with macabre humor gave their ship. It flew 202 combat missions and was hit by flak at a conservative estimate around 1,000 times.



The book itself is a pretty fair run-down on the history of the Ninth. Much of it is highly personalized. There must be literally hundreds of names mentioned in the book; there are certainly thousands of missions,

hundreds of conversations, direct quotations from combat reports and reminiscences and a very carefully chosen selection of reprints which appeared in American magazines about the Marauders and their activities.

Flak Bait is not only a very substantial tribute to the men of the Ninth Air Force—it is a book that will interest most of the men who fought in Europe or the Mediterranean, regardless of branch.

EUROPE

By C. A. Alington. \$3.75

C. A. Alington is an honorary fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, a "sometime fellow" of All Souls College; his history of Europe is not at all what the reader might expect of his academic background.

He has that sense of humor which is occasionally found in British scholars and he has written a book that has for a long time been badly needed.

Alington's book is a relatively brief capsule study of European history from its beginnings to 1900; precisely the sort of book needed to fill in the American background on European history.

Here is no huge muddle of dates, of obscure figures, of minor battles and backstairs diplomacy, but a concise, readable report on the main lines of European development; a report excellently suited to

the needs of Americans who want to follow—who have not only to follow but to understand—the background and the traditions of European peoples who are now being subjected to the greatest and most threatening attack which the East ever launched on the birthplace of Western civilization.

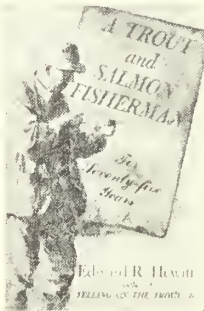
A TROUT AND SALMON FISHERMAN FOR 75 YEARS

By Edward R. Hewitt. \$4.50

Edward R. Hewitt's place in the Fisherman's Hall of Fame is secure. One of the grandest old men of the fishing game, he has here distilled the knowledge he has gained from almost three-quarters of a century of constant fishing.

The salmon or trout angler will find the book absolutely invaluable, and can read and reread it, learning something new every time. This book is a rewritten and expanded version of Mr. Hewitt's two earlier classics, both of which have been out of print for some time. *Secrets of the Salmon*, published in 1922, helped create the sport of dry-fly salmon fishing. *Telling on the Trout*, published in 1926, approached trout fishing from the fish's point of view.

This book, breezy and full of anecdotes, is based on an unequaled knowledge of angling, approached from a scientific point of view. Mr. Hewitt has studied the psychology of the fish as well as the fisherman, and has developed his methods with the fish's weaknesses foremost in mind.



The result is a highly successful, and practical, handbook on the art and sciences of angling. The drawings are clear, and the photographs are remarkable.

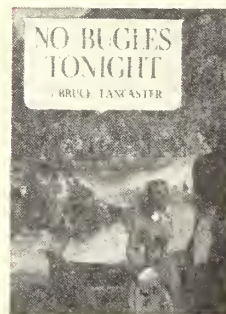
NO BUGLES TONIGHT

By Bruce Lancaster. \$3.00

The Civil War has been for a long time a profitable field for publishers and both fiction and non-fiction authors. Even now descendants of men who fought in the War are still digging up memoirs, papers, documents like Blackford's *War Years with Jeb Stuart*, Freeman's massive studies, Robert E. Lee and Lee's *Lieutenants* and the unending best-selling flood of books about Lincoln.

With the exception of the Lincoln books, most of the non-fiction, or at least most of the best non-fiction, seems to come from ex-Confederates, and many a born and

bred Yankee has been thoroughly impregnated with the Southern viewpoint.



Bruce Lancaster, the author of *No Bugles Tonight*, is doing his bit to keep the Union alive; his last book, *The Scarlet Patch*, was an extremely

readable story of the Europeans who fought with the Union armies in the Civil War. His present book, *No Bugles Tonight*, is the story of a Union spy in the desperate days of Vicksburg.

Whip Sheldon, the hero, is a spic and span soldier whose heart is in politics, and whose soldiering is only a means to an end: he drew the job of maintaining liaison with Union sympathizers inside the Southern lines.

Lancaster has plenty of documentation for his story on the way in which espionage was conducted in the South, and as always his book is meticulously accurate when he treats of military actions, material, equipment and tactics. He is also a man who knows how to spin a readable story and *No Bugles Tonight* will appeal to people who want to read about the Civil War, and to the much larger group who simply like a good adventure story.

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PARTING SHOTS

FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING

When the old-fashioned suitor, in manner quite grand,
Made the time-honored, formal request of her,
He ever so gallantly asked for her hand,
Though he wanted, of course, all the rest of her.

—BY RICHARD ARMOUR

HE SEE IT

The bum approached a farmer and said, "Mister, will you give me something to eat?"

"See that pile of wood over there?" asked the farmer.

"No."

"Why, I saw you see it."

"Well," the bum said as he started away, "maybe you saw me see it, but you won't see me saw it!"

—BY CLIFFORD WARREN

ON GIVING AN EAR

Those who pester me
to lend it,
Are those who are most apt
to bend it.

—BY SIDNEY R. BARON

THERE'S A WAR ON

Late in August, 1945, when Lt. Gen. Torashiro Korabe and the other members of the Japanese surrender mission arrived at Manila to make arrangements for the signing of the formal surrender in Tokyo, they were taken to the headquarters of Lt. Gen. Richard K. Sutherland, chief of staff to Gen. MacArthur.

There, one of the Japanese junior officers in the mission asked and was granted permission to purchase cigarettes for the 16-man party—one carton per man.

At the Post Exchange, the Japanese officer addressed the GI behind the counter in precise English. "I wish to purchase sixteen cartons of Lucky Strikes," he said.

The clerk shook his head. "We're out of Luckies," he said. "All we have on hand right now are what you see up there." He pointed to the shelves behind him, upon which were stacked hundreds of cartons of a lesser known brand.

The Japanese officer looked at the display. "But I want Lucky Strike cigarettes," he protested.

"Look, bud," said the GI. "Maybe you haven't heard. You got to be satisfied with what you can get these days. Don't you know there's a war just getting finished?"

—BY EDGAR WILLIAMS

ROAD BLOCK

Of stumbling blocks on the road to success

It often has seemed to me that
The one most impeding my yen for
succeeding

Is the one I wear under my hat!

—BY S. OMAR BARKER

EXPLANATION

The reason Americans are so patient with politicians is—they don't know what to do either...

—BY PETE SIMER

NORMALCY

The time is coming
(So goes the rumor)
When we'll have to laugh
At the boss's humor.

PHILIP LAZARUS

—AND INTO THE FIRE

Joe jilted Ellen.

Ellen sued.

Joe married Helen.

Hell ensued.

—BY PERRY SAUMS

GOOD MAN

When he was stationed in New Guinea, Cpl. Raymond J. Skorupa, pre-war manager of a Buffalo, N. Y., junior Legion baseball club, spent the bulk of his off-duty hours away from his company by starring on the regimental baseball team. Modest in most things, Skorupa was more than a little confident about his baseball ability, as is demonstrated by this incident:

A fellow GI who tented with Skorupa found an unfamiliar carbine on his bunk. He picked it up, looked it over puzzledly, then asked the athletic corporal:

"Say, Ray, is your carbine number four-eight-two—"

"Carbine number?" interrupted Skorupa without looking up from taping his bat. "Heck no. You must be thinking of my batting average!"

—BY HAROLD WINERIP

TURNABOUT

The man being admitted to the mental hospital was unusually gay. As a matter of fact he was actually joyous and didn't seem to care about his being placed in an institution. This was so unusual that the staff physicians held a conference and asked the patient many questions. It was discovered that the man had no living kin, though he steadfastly claimed he had a twin brother. Every time he mentioned his mythical brother he broke out in a hearty laugh, or a wide smile came over his beaming face. The doctors decided that herein was the trouble, so they asked him to tell them all about his "brother."

"Well," the patient laughed, "My brother and I were twins. We looked so much alike that no one could tell us apart. Why, I remember when we were kids and going to school that he used to throw spitballs and the teacher would punish me for it. He was arrested for speeding once and I had to pay the fine. I had a girl and he ran off with her. But just last week I got even with him."

"How was that?" asked one of the doctors.

"I died and they buried him!"

—BY LESTER LUTHER

FOR BOOK WORMS

Most book reviewers
Find thoughts rich and rare
That even the author
Did not know were there.

—BY J. L. SLATER



"Gad! You don't know your own strength, do you?"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

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you
deserve

SCHENLEY

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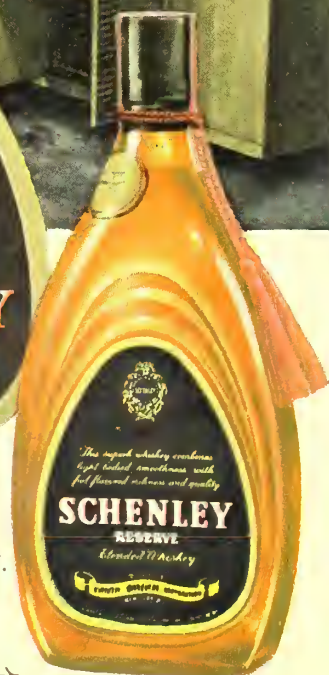


When a gardener's chores are done, "all's right with the world" as he enjoys his autumn flowers and sips his well-earned reward — a Schenley Manhattan.



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